

Children's Newspaper, July 16, 1927

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE BIRDS THAT MISSED THE TIDE

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THE STEAM TORTOISE TRANSFORMED

HOW IT BECAME AN ELECTRIC HARE

One More Great Thing Done in the Old Land

A MODEL RAILWAY FOR THE WORLD

Some bright brain in the railway world has seen what a dull public has seen for a long time—that all the Crystal Palace needs to save it from being a white elephant is an electric railway that will take us to it quickly.

It need hardly be said that the bright brain this time is on the Southern Railway, which is to spend a big sum in electrifying the line to the Palace. It is one of the miracles of our time that the railway which was so long a byword and a joke for the stage has become the model for every British line.

Oil-Lamps and Candles

Before the grouping which brought the London & South Western and the London & Brighton into combination with the South Eastern & Chatham, the South Eastern was a grim and painful joke to its patrons, the worst railway in England; dirty, inefficient, unpunctual, hopeless.

The carriages were mostly filthy, uncomfortable, ill-lighted, unwarmed. Such artificial light as was provided came from smoky oil-lamps. These were carried on moving truck-racks at certain stations, and when lighting-up time arrived porters used to run along the roofs of the carriages, have the lamps passed up to them, and drop them through holes in the upper parts of the compartments. But so poor was the light that passengers used to buy wax candles at the bookstalls to dispel the gloom of the journeys.

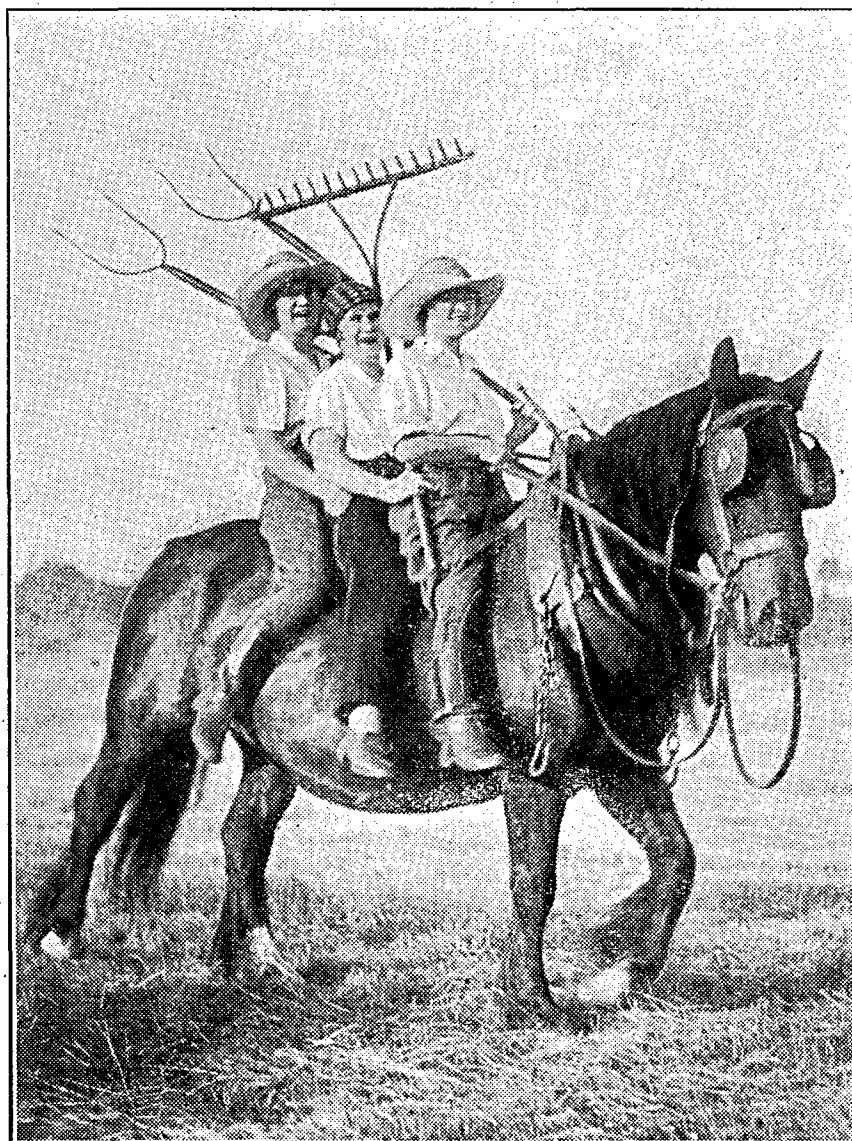
Pre-War Discomfort

You bought a candle, secured a corner seat in a first-class carriage, lighted the wick, poured some of the running fat on to the woodwork, stuck the end of the candle in it, and let it set. If not thus provided you stood up in order to bring your book or newspaper nearer the light of the oil-lamp in the roof. All this sounds like George Stephenson's days, but it was true only a year before the war.

No carriage was steam-heated. At certain stations steel cisterns containing hot water were put into some compartments; if you were lucky enough to get one you rested your feet on it and cracked the soles of your boots. If you had no footwarmer your feet became numb with cold. All these conditions prevailed, not simply in the time of our grandparents, but in our own time, down to ten or a dozen years ago.

Hardly a train was punctual. The engines were old and wheezy. Stations

Three Merry Farm Girls Are We



More and more girls are learning to cultivate the land and taking up farming for a living. They seem to find the healthy open-air life a jolly one, and these three girls returning after a hard and busy day in the fields are singing as they go

were dark, dirty, and often foul, like the trains. From time to time people would threaten proceedings against the company for allowing insanitary trains to pass through their areas.

Any comedian who introduced a jibe at this deplorable railway was sure of a laugh, for he jested at that with which his audience was ruefully familiar. The marvel is that this tremendous failure of a railway had millions of passengers from whom to draw a boundless revenue.

Then, quite suddenly, an incredible revolution came. It is so recent as to have happened within the time of the youngest of our readers, and it is one more example of what can be done in this old country when we try.

The reorganised company, bringing in all the southern lines, had access to great funds. They spent eight million pounds on setting their affairs in order. They electrified the line from Victoria and Holborn down to Orpington, built new electric trains, remodelled old stations, and gave a service which means six trains an hour from some stations and three an hour from each terminus.

Speed, comfort, cleanliness, warmth in winter, brilliant light, punctuality—all these attributes of a perfect railway came upon us with a rush, and the good work of development goes on day by day throughout the year.

The despised railway has become a model for the world, and there is no other suburban service on Earth to equal it.

The old Steam Tortoise has become the Electric Hare.

THIEF SANDS

One of the problems now being tackled by oil engineers is how best to deal with "thief sands."

Big underground losses take place in many oil wells because the bore holes are drilled through sands of high and low pressure. These patches of low pressure or barren sands greedily soak up oil and gas in varying quantities and steal away quite serious amounts of the oil from the well beneath. Important experiments are being made today to find methods of locating the position of the thief sands, and how best to check the losses they cause.

JIGGS NUMBER TWO

Private Pagett Crosses the Atlantic

A NEW SERGEANT-MAJOR OF MARINES?

It is just six months since we published the news of the death of Jiggs, the beloved bulldog of the United States Marines, which was buried with military honours after being killed by over-feeding. We shed a C.N. tear for poor Jiggs, and hoped that if ever they had another dog the Marines would remember the lesson of Jiggs and not feed him to death.

They have now adopted another dog. The story of Jiggs was seen by the Royal Marines in England, and somebody there was greatly moved by it, so that they decided to give another dog to replace the dumb sergeant-major. The men of our Royal Marines approached their Adjutant-General, Sir Alexander Hutchison, who wrote to the Commandant of the United States Marine Corps in Washington to ask if such a gift would be acceptable. He received a very cordial reply, and the British Marines at once set about the business of choosing a dog. Finding the right type of animal did not prove a very easy job, and many were examined before the final choice was made.

Private Pagett Sails for New York

It had to be a very fine dog, one fit to succeed Jiggs, and fit to typify the friendship between the Marines of Britain and America.

At last the choice fell on a pedigree English bulldog, which has been called Private Pagett. He has sailed on the Leviathan, and arrangements were made for him to be met at New York by an officer of the United States Marine Corps, whose business is to conduct him personally to headquarters at Washington and introduce him to his new chums.

Let us hope that Private Pagett will behave so well that he will earn promotion, and that when he comes to the end of his span he may be as popular as Jiggs. But let us also hope, once again, that the Marines will not overfeed him.

100,000 PIECES

The Glass Palace of Sydenham

There are 100,000 pieces of glass in the roof of the Crystal Palace, and every year they have to be inspected and overhauled.

Men are at work there now, roped together like Alpine climbers. Soon the great building will be glittering in the sun, complete and as good as new, and no one will give a thought to the men who risked their lives for it.

It is bad enough to be responsible for an ordinary house, but how much worse it must be to be Mr. W. C. Bigg, the engineer who is responsible for the spring-cleaning of the Crystal Palace!

YOU TING OF CHINA

THE STONEMASON AND HIS SON

A Famous Chinese Soldier and His Splendid Father

HONOUR FIRST OF ALL

Everybody has heard of General Feng the Chinese soldier, but not everyone knows what a great man his father was.

He was in his boyhood a stonemason, employed in the house of a rich man who had a tutor to teach his boys boxing and archery and a knowledge of the wise books of China. You Ting, the mason, was very anxious to learn all he could, so he studied secretly, and soon knew more than the children of the rich man. When the tutor found this out he told his employer, and You Ting was allowed to share the children's lessons. When the examination was held the poor boy took the highest honours.

Saved in a Wash-Tub

You Ting lived in the days of the Taiping Rebellion, and one day he was escaping with his mother and sister from some soldiers. They came to a river. There was no bridge and no boat, only a wash-tub. In this You Ting placed his mother and sister, and carefully swam across, pushing the tub before him.

They were safely across and out of danger when loud cries were heard from the other side. Two girls pursued by the soldiers were there. Without a moment's hesitation You Ting swam back with the tub and brought the girls to safety. When the wealthy father of the girls heard of this brave deed he offered You Ting one of his daughters in marriage, but You Ting declined, with the words "When others are in danger it is my duty to help them."

The Man Who Could Not Be Bribed

Afterwards he joined the Government Army, which was fighting the rebels, and soon rose to the rank of captain. Soldiers in China had not as a rule a good name; they were often left unpaid and became brigands; but You Ting was not a man to take bribes or rob others. One day he had given all his money except two tiny coins to his soldiers when a man came up and said: "Here are 8000 cash; take them."

"Why do you give this to me?" Captain Feng You Ting asked.

"Just a little present to get your permission for us to have a gambling party on New Year's Day."

But the Captain was very angry, and said: "If I had been willing to receive such gifts I should have been wealthy long ago. Should I receive such wicked gifts to hurt other people?"

How He Kept His Word

In 1892 he was told by the Government to build a dyke in a place where the river often overflows its banks, causing great loss of life. Captain You Ting made up his mind that his dyke should not be broken, and he called his workmen together and said that if it were broken he would be the first man to perish.

Before the dyke was finished the river rose, and all seemed lost. True to his word, the Captain threw himself into the water—a very mistaken thing to do, but the act of a brave man who wanted to suffer with and for his people. The workmen pulled him out, and were so moved that they worked harder than ever and saved the dyke, and to this day the Captain is remembered as the man who saved the district from flood.

This was the father of General Feng, who has been named the Christian General. Though he might have been rich, he remained so poor that his boy had no education, but, like his father before him, taught himself and made his own way. Like all good Chinese he honours the memory of his father, and with good reason.

WHEN WILD LIFE COMES TO TOWN

HALF A MILLION BEES AT CHURCH

Remarkable Happenings with Mighty Swarms of Little Things

1200 SNAKES

By Our Natural Historian

What extraordinary results follow from the invasion of domestic affairs by the creatures of the wilds! A correspondent who has been in Doncaster sends us a note on an extraordinary experience recently at Rossington Church, near that town.

At some time, years ago, a restless queen bee must have led a swarm of her servitors from a hive into the church. There they settled, made their home in the roof, formed their city of wax, stored it with pollen and nectar, and reared countless young. Many a swarm must have sallied forth from Rossington Church unseen, yet there still remained a sufficient retinue of worker bees to attend on the queens and to carry out the duties of the community.

The Sting-Guarded Citadel

The bees became a nuisance to the worshippers, the booming bass of the worker insects out-voicing the organ; and so, many other attempts having failed, a systematic siege was laid to the sting-guarded citadel. Part of the roof was removed, smoke was poured in, and the task of demolition was begun.

The combs were a solid mass, six feet long and four feet wide, and bees estimated to be half a million strong were in possession. They resisted ejection with all their might, but at the end of a two-day battle they were all forced out, the combs destroyed, and the peace of the church restored.

The incident makes us wonder what an American home appears like when the grubs of the 17-year cicada mature and the winged insects emerge from their subterranean hiding in ground which was virgin soil when they first quitted the egg. Bad enough were the bats in the workhouse at Andover, which compelled the taking-down of the roof of the master's quarters. Behind the roof were 108 bats!

An Astounding Invasion

But what can compare in eerie strangeness with the invasion of a house at Llanelly in South Wales by swarms of grass snakes? The snakes appeared apparently from nowhere; they crawled about the floors, they entwined themselves about the furniture, they possessed the cupboards, they slithered up the stairs and occupied the bedrooms. Day after day snakes were killed in the house, 22 in a single day, yet still they came on in undiminished numbers.

At last something led to the pulling-down of a wall behind the oven; and there, in the space of about a square yard, were forty bunches of eggs, thirty eggs to each bunch, each containing a little snake ready to emerge—1200 snakes in all just about to renew the astounding invasion!

Certainly the wilds upset the domestic balance when they send their representatives back into our midst. E. A. B.

THERE THE STORY ENDS

A young woman at Grimsby fell downstairs and had to go to bed.

Her mother went to see her, and fell downstairs and broke her collar-bone.

The father came to see his wife, and fell downstairs and broke his ankle.

There the story ends, whether or not because that is the whole of this unfortunate family we do not know!

AGGREY OF AFRICA

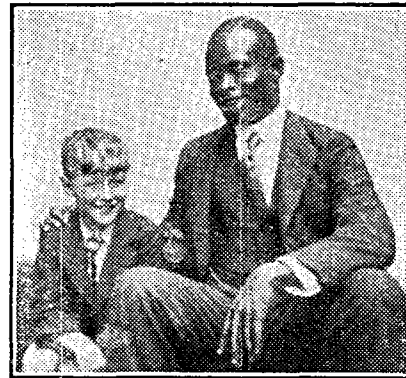
SPIRIT OF PROGRESS ON THE GOLD COAST

The Big College and its Wide-spread Work for the Natives

LITTLE AMONU ABABIO

Dr. Aggrey, the head of Achimota College on the Gold Coast, often called the greatest living African, has been spending a few days in London on his way to America, where his wife is living with their children so that the elder boys and girls may finish their education there.

Dr. Aggrey has a special reason for visiting them, for there is a little baby son he has not seen yet. He told a C.N. correspondent that he is taking for the christening of the baby some water from an ancient sacred spring called Kakawa, given him by the Paramount Chief of the State of Anam-



Dr. Aggrey and a C.N. boy

abu on the Gold Coast. As a tribute to what Dr. Aggrey is doing for Africa the Chief has asked that the baby should be named after an illustrious chief of Anamabu, Amonu V. Another chief has also asked that the baby may be named after him, and so the small Aggrey is going to have the great names of Amonu Ababio.

Chiefs Becoming Enthusiastic

Dr. Aggrey says the work of Achimota is being well and truly founded. While it eventually will become a college, it is being started at the kindergarten stage. "We were told we should not get pupils, and certainly no girls," he said, "but we have had to double the size of the kindergarten, which now is 120 strong, and nearly half are girls! Besides helping in the training of teachers I have been telling the chiefs about the college, and they are becoming enthusiastic over it, for they realise that at Achimota we are going to give an education combining all that is best of the West with the best of Africa. We are writing books of African history, and shall study such wonderful African things as the drum language."

A Touching Scene

Dr. Aggrey stands for the fullest co-operation between white and black. One of his best friends is Sir Gordon Guggisberg, to whom, when he retired from his post of Governor of the Gold Coast last May, the Africans presented a special address. "I have never witnessed a more touching scene," says the doctor. "The men and women, boys and girls, were all in tears."

Dr. Aggrey began as a boy in the Wesleyan school on the Gold Coast, and worked as a printer, reporter, and professor for many years in America. He holds twelve degrees.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A panel of Gobelin tapestry	£918
A Chelsea porcelain tea service	£756
1st edition of Shelley's Adonais	£600
1st issue of Vanity Fair in parts	£420
2 Sheldon tapestry cushion covers	£300
An old English gold snuffbox	£246
William and Mary silver tankard	£108
1st Atlantic air post stamp	£76
An autographed book by Tennyson	£52

SEARCH FOR A GENIUS

THE ARTIST IN THE BARE ROOM

Mysterious Works of Beauty Appearing in Hungary

WHERE THEY CAME FROM

A curious instance of the discovery of hidden talent has just occurred in Hungary, partly through the activity of art collectors and in a less degree through the activity of the police.

A dealer in silverware with an artistic value offered the National Museum a specimen of the work of a famous artist, and the museum bought it.

Later examination disclosed that it was only an imitation of the master's work, and the dealer was questioned as to how he came by it. His reply was that he bought it from an unknown young man who had since sold him other artistic products.

These were collected and were found to be imitations of the style of renowned artists, but it was agreed they had a beauty which eclipsed that of the works they imitated.

How the Artist Was Found

Search was now made for the unknown artist, and in this work the police took a hand. They even went so far as to promise that no charge of false pretences in selling spurious work should be raised against him if the artist would disclose himself. Nothing happened.

By this time art collectors were also on the look-out for the new work, which promised to have a high value. More of it began to reach the art dealers and pass into the hands of collectors. At last a dealer held up a young man who brought to him for sale a very beautiful chalice, and succeeded in persuading him to take him to the artist. He proved to be a young goldsmith, ill and living in a bare room, unable to seek work in an ordinary way, and using a friend as an intermediary with the art dealers.

It was a story that was found satisfactory by the police investigators, and the outcome of it is that the young artist, in whom the experts detect talent of unusual distinction, will now work, through arrangement with the art dealers, in a studio of his own, and will produce in his own name the evidences of his remarkable artistic skill.

THINGS SAID

We get as we give. *Mr. Robert Brymer*
I can't read at home; there's no room. *An East End Boy*

We have stabilised money and we must stabilise morality. *M. Isidore Maus*

I do not see why we should put up with bad weather if we do not want it.

Sir Oliver Lodge

Always drive as you would wish others to drive, and assume that everybody else on the road is a fool.

Safety First Maxim

Enlightened Americans believe that England is still the freest, dearest, sweetest place on Earth.

Dr. Henry Guppy

We are still spending on alcohol six weeks of the year's product of our industry.

Lord Parmoor

If a white person in an American theatre is put next to a Negro the white person objects. *Miss Florence Mills*

Was the standard of appreciation of literature ever lower than in the rising generation? *Headmaster of Malvern College*

July 16, 1927

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COVENTRY REMEMBERS GEORGE ELIOT

MEMORIAL TO A GREAT WRITER

Woman Author Who Described
the Life of the Midlands

CHARACTERS WHO LIVE

At last Coventry has publicly remembered George Eliot.

In the reference room of the Central Library a memorial alcove, with a window suitably designed, has been panelled and bookcases erected. The names of some of her books are worked into the window design. Her name and the dates of her birth and death are recorded. A few personal mementoes are displayed.

It is well that Coventry has commemorated the most striking personality ever associated with it. It has been proud of its legendary Lady Godiva. George Eliot will shed on it a more substantial fame. The part of Warwickshire represented, in an urban way, by the hum of Coventry machinery and the coal of Nuneaton will always be George Eliot's Country.

The Days of Her Youth

Eighty years ago it was typically rural, and George Eliot, born and living in its midst through the most susceptible years of her life, knew its ordinary people to their inmost being. Their life was her life.

Then she went away and had experiences that seemed to separate her fatally from that life of country people which she was to describe later with a fidelity and fullness unequalled. She went to London and lived among people absorbed in philosophy. She became absorbed in it, too, as a reviewer and translator. She thought in its rut and expressed herself in its jargon. But as she approached middle life her thoughts went back to the days and the people of her youth, and she began to picture them in books which will make her and them known as long as English life and character interest the world.

Her Pictures of Country Folk

In so far as she pictured ordinary rural character as she knew it, and restrained her tendency to philosophise and her ambition to be a monumental writer, George Eliot was great. Within the range of her youth, and apart from philosophising, she was as sure a picturer of country folk as Shakespeare or Scott, and as natural a teller. She has peopled our literature with a profusion of characters just as real to us as those whom we know best in life.

Adam Bede, Mrs. Poyser, Bartle Massey, Silas Marner, Dolly Winthrop, Mr. Macey, Geoffrey Cass and his wife Nancy, with the feckless Squire, Tom and Maggie Tulliver and the boy Jakins, the Rev. Rufus Lyon and Mrs. Holt, Casaubon, Mr. Brooke, Caleb Garth, and a host of others—how distinct they all are! How faithful to life their doings, and how rich their humour! They form the very bedrock of English character.

The Land She Knew

All that is most memorable in George Eliot's writings centres on the English Midlands. That was the land she knew. But she was drawn away from it. Her work became more elaborate. She philosophised and reflected more and more. She tried to tackle problems such as Jewish character and destiny, and to reconstruct Italian history. It was laborious work and it was not the real thing. All this was a straying from the plain path of her genius, which was to describe the Midlands life she knew around Coventry and Nuneaton. By that she will live and the places she knew will be remembered.

Happily, at last, Coventry itself publicly remembers her.

WAITING FOR PEACE



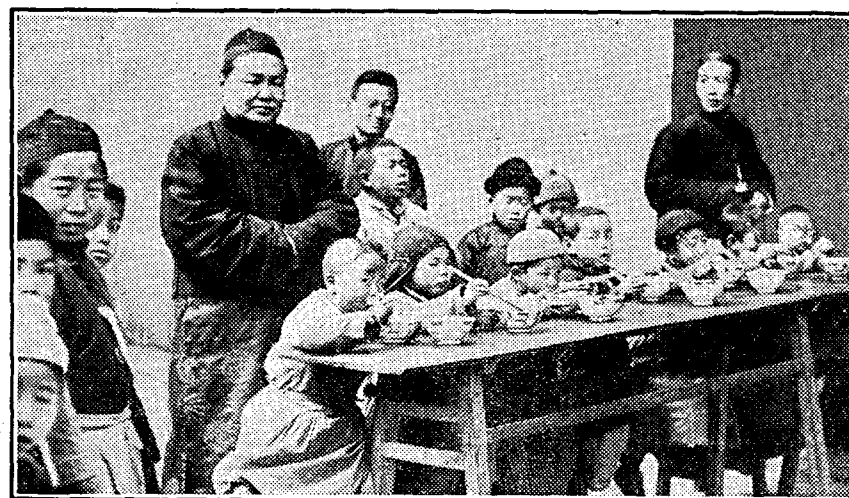
Eating their rice with chopsticks



Little victims of the civil war



Children who have reached safety



The first meal in the new home

Civil war is always sad, and one of the saddest sights in Shanghai today is that of the hundreds of boys and girls who have had to flee from their homes and take refuge in this city, where they are being given shelter and fed and clothed by strangers till the happy days of peace come once more

THE MAN WHO THOUGHT IN MARBLE

BRAVE JEAN CARPEAUX

Mason's Son Who Became a
Famous Sculptor

A MASTER OF NATURE

By Our Paris Correspondent

Among the many jubilees France has lately been celebrating one in particular appeals to all hearts, that of Carpeaux the great sculptor, who was born at Valenciennes in May, 1827.

You cannot walk past the Opera House without admiring his bronze group *The Dance*. You do not leave the Louvre galleries without pausing before his *Flora*. You do not stroll about the Luxembourg without having another glance at his fountain.

Carpeaux? He is not only famous as a sculptor, but as an amazing worker, as one able to face with equal courage the great and small misfortunes of life, and always anxious to keep up a definite moral standard.

Alone in Paris

His Christian names were Jean Baptiste; his father was a humble mason; his mother was a keen housewife. As a child he was left to his own devices, with no definite aim at school till a friend taught him modelling.

It was a revelation, sudden, complete, all powerful; nothing else afterwards interested Carpeaux but sculpture.

At fifteen he got his father's leave to go to Paris. He left home with an empty purse, light-hearted and confident. What would he live on in Paris? This had never entered his mind. The poor boy suffered the deepest, cruellest, most wretched poverty, running errands, delivering vegetables, accepting any menial tasks, the last resource of the out-of-work. In the evenings he would carve small groups and figures, which some second-hand dealer bought regularly from him for a few pennies.

First Visit to Italy

But one day Carpeaux came to a sudden decision. There was a man whose glory dazzled him so that he never passed the Arc de Triomphe without taking off his hat before its famous high-reliefs; that man was Rude. Carpeaux went to him and told him his story. Salvation had come.

Now, guided by the genius and the kindness of Rude, Carpeaux worked with ardour, and gained prize after prize up to the great Prize of Rome.

His first visit to Italy followed, and his first rapture with great classics. He sketched pedestals, cornices, and frontals; he coloured frescoes; he copied the heads of peasants in the fields. Dante inspired a statue that is now famous. Such keenness attracted people, and the day came when ambassadors and princes flocked to his studio.

God Alone Creates

"That man thinks in marble and in bronze," they would say; and when he was asked "What goes on in your mind when you give birth to such things?" he answered "I do not give birth to anything. I just copy what is stored in my mind. God alone creates."

After many years in Italy Carpeaux returned to Paris, and his rise to fame was continued till Napoleon the Third brought him to the Palace of the Tuileries, where his talent matured and blossomed out in famous busts, in the *Flora* of the Louvre, and reached the serenity of his masterpiece, *The Dance* group at the Opera House.

As a friend exclaimed to him one day "Long live Sculpture!" Carpeaux answered back "Long live Nature!" He was indeed a master of Nature, of truth, a master of transition who was among the first to make a distinction between treasures and trash in the art heritage of the past.

THE WAY WE WENT TO GIGGLESWICK AND WHAT WE SAW THERE

To at least one of those who saw the Great Eclipse the thing that he will remember longest is not the marvellous Corona of the Sun, or the flames that would reach across the world and back.

They are, no doubt, the most surprising thing in Nature that the eye can look upon. The glow of light spreading over a field half as big as Europe, a flame huge enough and fierce enough to shrivel up the Earth like a tennis ball, are astounding sights to see. But to see the blotting-out of the Sun is something more moving and more terrible.

We lived through twenty-three seconds of time in a shadow which, if it had not passed away, would have made all life impossible wherever it should fall. But the shadow passed away. Those who stood in darkness saw once more a great light, and this beautiful world was itself again.

The Miracle

It is true to say that it was all a miracle for those who stood on that famous little hill at Giggleswick. It had rained and rained for weeks. For days the astronomers had been in their tents, their hearts almost broken to see the heavy clouds roll by. "I have been here fourteen days," said the patient Scotsman standing by his forty-five-foot reflector, "and thirteen have been quite impossible." The prospect at the end of the thirteenth day was enough to send every man home. Yet Giggleswick waited all night, and, whatever the Astronomer-Royal might say, the old vicar who has seen the Sun rise on those hills for thirty years was still an optimist. If only a miracle could save us, then a miracle it would be, and in the end a miracle it was.

Those who had gone to bed woke up at four, and we climbed the hill at five. We of the C.N. were two, and nothing seemed likely to avail us but the quenchless C.N. faith that all is well in even the darkest hour. There was just a little hope, but it was five o'clock and the clouds were low, with a break here and there too small to put a hand in. The little patch of light grew bigger, and then another cloud would come and hide our tiny hope, and so we climbed the hill with heavy hearts.

Men as Trees Walking

A wonderful sight it was to see from Giggleswick's little street. Even if those clouds should never break, if they should hide the heavenly vision from our eyes, there was something worth coming to see as we lifted our eyes to the sky, for there, on that great ridge of hills that stretch round Giggleswick for miles, was something rarely seen before. The horizon was alive. A thin black line was moving. We saw men as trees walking. They had come from the ends of the kingdom, and they stood on the ridge like shadows against the sky.

And still the clouds came on, with little hopeful breaks growing still bigger. But time was moving too, and it was half-past five. The Moon had climbed in front of the Sun, but we could not see it; then we caught a glimpse of it,

and out of sight it passed again. We watched the sky with such excitement as even Wimbledon could hardly summon up. Perhaps so many people have never excited themselves about the clouds before; certainly there never was a race so well worth watching as this between the clouds so near and the Sun so far away—the clouds a few hundred yards above our heads, dark, creeping, and menacing; the Sun nearly a hundred million miles behind, bright, swift, and with a still small voice of promise. The glory of the Universe was to pass by; the majesty of the heavens was to move above that solitary tree, and the clouds were breaking, oh, so slowly.

The Big Three of the Heavens

But the Lord was not in the cloud. Almost breathlessly we watched as the moments passed. The bell struck six in the old church tower, and the Sun sailed out into a little bay above the slowly-moving bank of cloud. Perhaps we should say half the Sun sailed out, for in front of it was the Moon, and half its face was darkened.

Perhaps in some inconceivably distant ages past the Sun and the Moon and the Earth were one: who knows? Perhaps the Earth broke off the Sun and then the Moon broke off the Earth: who knows? But this morning here they were—the Sun with his majesty, the Moon coming up like a creeping thing, and we on Earth praying hard that the clouds should not hide it from our sight.

Beyond the bay into which the two had sailed was another peak of cloud, and then another bay, and so the race went on, while thousands prayed who never prayed before. They prayed that the Sun would rise in time above the peaks of cloud that threatened it as the fateful moment came. For perhaps five minutes in this hour his face had been seen, and at least there was one who clapped his hands when it first appeared, as if it had been the gates of Heaven opening wide.

The Sun was Winning

The Sun was winning: God was not in the cloud after all; once more it was the still small voice that lifted up the hearts of men. But there was little time still left, and in front of the darkened Sun, as it swept across the long bay now opened in the clouds, was another shallow bank.

It was like a wall just high enough to hide this wondrous sight from human eyes, and we felt that it was a pitiful thing. There were just a few more minutes. The Moon had almost blotted out the Sun; all that was left of the centre and sustainer of our Solar System was a fast-narrowing crescent of light. The blackness was creeping on; the world of light and the singing of birds and the joyous warmth of the fleeting Sun were passing away. It was growing cold. More than one among the thousands on this little hill must have remembered the poem of the Last Man, for whom all worldly shapes shall melt in gloom.

But the crescent was still there; the moment that was to be historic was yet a minute or two ahead; there was still a future to hope for if only the cloud would pass. The crescent sailed on behind it, and whether it was to pass or not there came a remarkable sight. The edge of the last bank of cloud that could hide this glory from us was riding by like driven snow, and the Crescent Sun was sailing on behind it while the seconds passed. Could anything be more beautiful, or more breathlessly exciting?

In the Nick of Time

It was the last chance, the last minute, and the cloud with the silver lining was moving fast. It moved like some great ship in the vast ocean of the ether, and it moved in the very moment of time. There had been thirteen impossible days, and on the fourteenth day, in the very minute when the Sun was entirely in eclipse, almost at the very moment we were waiting for, the black shadow of the Moon sailed into clear sky with the Sun in its power. The Sun had won the race against the Cloud, the Moon had won the race against the Sun. We felt that we had known nothing in our lives more admirably managed, no finer piece of stage-craft, than this dramatic appearance of the Sun Eclipsed sailing out of the clouds, in the very nick of time.

The Sun Blotted Out

We stood in the dark and cold with the Sun blotted out. There was a ring of shining light round the black face of the Moon, with the red flames shooting out of it; there was the fainter glow of the Corona, seeming to cover as great a surface as the face of the Sun itself; but more impressive than the sight of what was happening was the thought of it. This unthinkable immensity of fire in the heights or depths of space, what is it that controls it and keeps it within bounds? A little fire on Earth consumes a forest or a town; this millions of miles of fire sweeps on its way through space and all is well. It sweeps on in such perfect order, it keeps such perfect time, that we know when it will meet the Moon again and be hidden from the eyes of man in a hundred or a thousand years from now.

No Chance in the Universe

We know the point in space and the moment in time when the Sun and Moon will pass again. There is no chance in this amazing Universe—and yet we wonder how many of those who looked at this great sight remembered that we owe it in a curious way to one small thing that may be chance. Is it not, of all the things we know, one of the most remarkable that to our eyes on Earth the Sun and the Moon appear of equal size? They are two small things among millions of mighty things; they are millions of miles apart; they move in different paths at different speeds; and yet it happens that they seem to us exactly the same size: they move at just that distance from us when this must be so, and to this curious circumstance it is that we owe nearly all our knowledge of the Sun. If the Moon did

not exactly fit the Sun's bright disc we might never have seen these flames shooting out; we might never have known the Corona.

As far as we of the C.N. are concerned, we went to Giggleswick by a heavenly way, by Roman altars and Saxon temples and wonderful cathedrals. We looked down into the little well above which Paulinus built a wooden temple 1300 years ago; we saw the pagan altar raised there before Paulinus came and the stones of the Saxon temple raised there after Paulinus had gone; we heard Stainer's Amen in the wonderful York Minster that men have set up on this spot, surely among the very noblest things the angels in Heaven look down upon. We went to a little Saxon church and heard the village singing where their ancestors have sung for a thousand years, and we went to that Holy of Holies of our Homeland, the little church of Goodmanham, where they brought the good news from Galilee on that day which every boy and girl in England should keep in memory.

The Sparrow in the Hall

Paulinus had come from Rome to persuade King Edwin of Northumbria to abandon idols and to worship God. The king decided to meet his counsellors, and they met at Goodmanham, or near enough to it to hear the singing of a lark. The argument had gone this way and that, Paulinus pleading for the new and brave men pleading for the old, and then there arose in the hall an old man with the gift of poetry, for our English tongue has never heard sweeter music than those words he said.

What came before Life and what comes after, all is mystery. The king and his captains and ministers are sitting in council on a dark winter's day; rain and snow without and the bright fire within. Suddenly comes a little bird, flying in at one door, carrying a moment in the light of the fire, and flying out at the other door to the darkness whence it came.

So is the life of man. If this new doctrine will tell us anything of these mysteries, the Before and After, let us follow it.

The Light of the World

The king was moved that winter's night, and, if not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's notice, what joy that little sparrow must have stirred in God's abode! For they followed the new doctrine, and Coifi rode down Goodmanham Lane and broke down the idols. They, too, who sat in darkness saw the great light.

It seemed a good way to go from Goodmanham to Giggleswick, for there, too, the great darkness passed. Perhaps nothing in all this was more astonishing than the dramatic return of the light. The slowly-forming crescent of the coming Moon had brought darkness over the Earth; the second crescent, formed the instant after totality by the passing Moon, filled the Earth with sudden light. It was a dramatic moment. The Sun was lost and was found again. The light of the world was once more among men. ARTHUR MEE.

LOST IN THE CLOUDS—THE DRAMATIC ADVENTURE OF FOUR ATLANTIC AIRMEN

REALITY need not fear the rivalry of fiction; the fast-growing chapters of the new history of flying are sufficient proof of that, with shining testimony in the names of Lindbergh and Chamberlin and, hard upon their heels, Commander Byrd, the American Naval aviator. Byrd completes a trio of adventures unmatched in aerial records.

Whereas Lindbergh and Chamberlin, flying from the United States, came to ground in Europe, Byrd, having started with three companions from the New World, reached the Old, then lost it, and when he came down in the sea was actually heading out again for the land whence he had come, with only enough petrol left for 30 miles. Having unerringly passed the Atlantic, he could not find dry ground, but flew out to sea, lost as he had been for six-and-a-half

hours, circling hopelessly over a pitch-black France upon which rain was falling in a deluge.

The journey across the Atlantic itself was terrible. Once the airmen got too far north and felt the Arctic air currents, so that ice formed on their motors; and after that, driving through unending mist, they flew for 19 hours without sight of land, sea, or ship. However, they kept in wireless touch with steamers, and were directed to Europe, but their worse perils were only just beginning.

On nearing land their compass suddenly and mysteriously failed, and in the gathering gloom of night they crossed the French coast and knew not where they were. Hour after hour they circled this way and that, blinded, massed clouds preventing their seeing either sky or earth.

Twice they must have been close to Paris, yet they could not see it. They must have been over scores of towns, but all were invisible. They dared not land for fear of crashing upon a hidden city; they dared not fly on for fear of exhausting their fuel and so causing involuntarily the destruction of themselves and of whomsoever their helpless machine might fall upon.

Suddenly, to their horror, they saw the sea again beneath them. From flying due east they had at the end of over six agonising hours come due west, and were leaving Europe behind. Descent was now imperative, and they crashed into the sea, 200 yards off the shore, at Ver-sur-Mer, Calvados, Normandy.

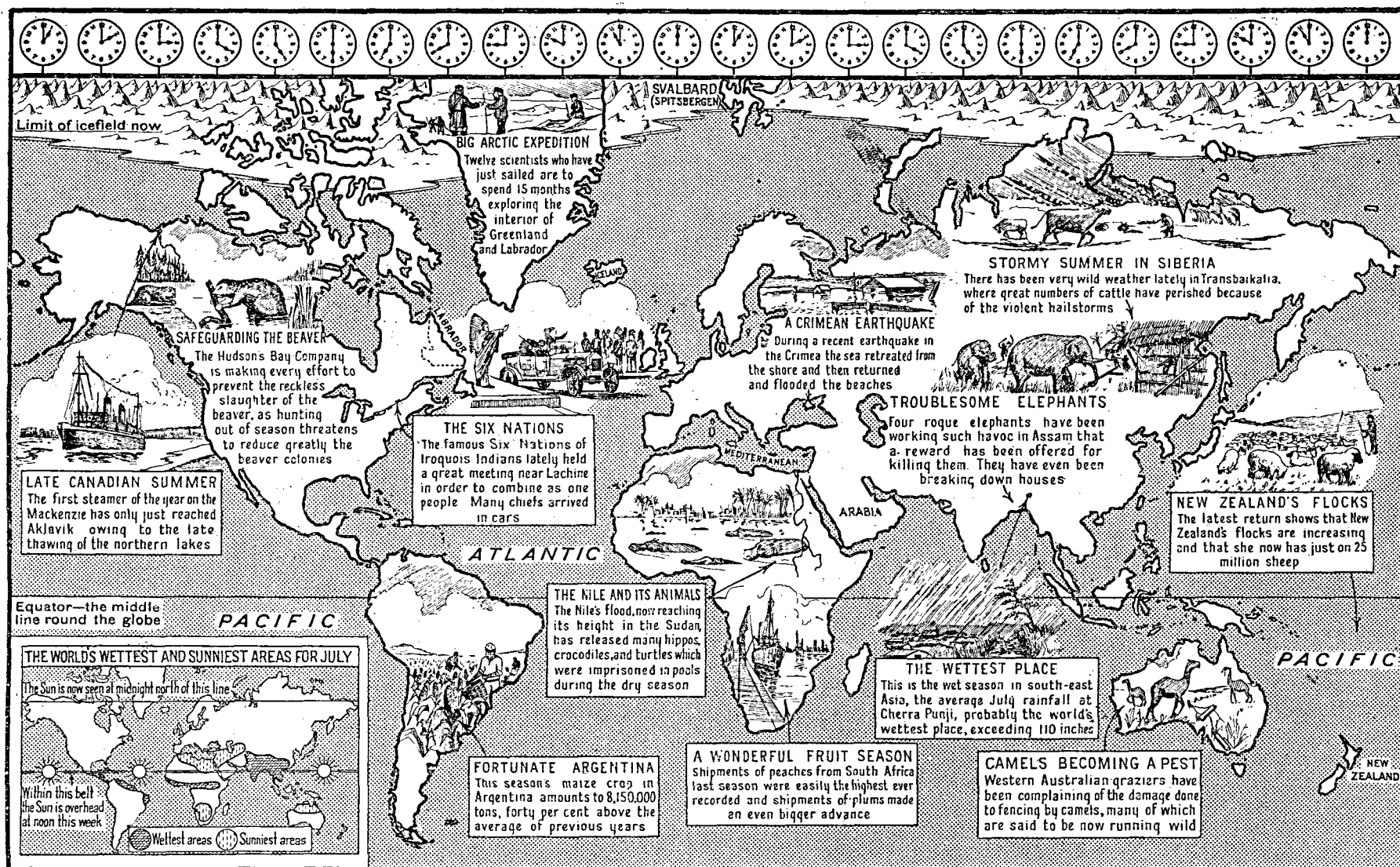
The aeroplane was smashed, the men were battered and shaken, and each thought for a while that all but himself

were dead. But the instinct of self-preservation got them into their inflated rubber boat, and in this they reached the land. It was 2.30 a.m., and darkness and storm and howling winds still beset the hapless wayfarers.

In vain they sought to attract the attention of the lighthouse keepers; in vain they beat upon the doors and windows of sleeping cottagers. Like Ulysses after his dreadful voyage, they lay down where they were on the beach and slept, exhausted. There in the dawn they were found by fishermen.

Truly the airman is the hero of almost incredible modern romance. As Sir Philip Sidney said in another connection, "He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner." They have succeeded the sea giants of Elizabeth.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ICEBERG LIKE A RAINBOW

Flashing Wonder in the Sun
A FAIRY MOUNTAIN CRACKS

Surely a lake in the hollow of an iceberg flashing in the sun must be one of the most transcendently beautiful of all the beautiful sights of Nature!

So certainly thinks our friend Professor Howard Barnes, who has been describing what he saw on landing on a great iceberg off the Newfoundland coast. It was a huge thing 500 feet long, and in the middle of it was a great hollow 90 feet deep. The centre of the hollow was occupied by a lake, and in the middle of the lake again was a mound of ice.

The sides of the hollow were porcelain white, turning to azure blue at the water's edge. The lake was emerald-green and the projecting mound was blue. The Sun was shining brilliantly and the water sparkled in its rays, while the mound scintillated with all the colours of the rainbow. The whole was beautiful beyond description.

The sight must have made the professor and his companions almost falter in their purpose, for they were there to destroy this fairyland of beauty. But these bergs are a cruel menace to shipping, and the more magnificent their size the more terrible the danger. So deep holes were drilled and charged with thermite, a chemical which develops heat at a tremendous speed, reaching as much as 5000 degrees Fahrenheit after the charge has been fired; and so in a few hours the fairy mountain cracked and broke up, and its power for harm was gone for ever.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aurelius	Aw-re-le-us
Lachine	Lah-sheen
Mausoleum	Maw-so-le-um
Utrecht	U-trekt

COUNTRY DANCES IN TOWN

London's Amphitheatre

The people of Rome had their amphitheatre in which entertainments of the kind that pleased them best were set before them. The people of London have an amphitheatre where more worthy entertainment is given for their enjoyment.

This is the lovely natural amphitheatre in Hyde Park, on the north side of the Serpentine near the boat houses. Here for two months every summer the League of Arts organises entertainments free of charge, relying on the generosity of those who enjoy them to meet the cost.

The League of Arts was founded on the day the Great War ended, primarily to give expression to the national rejoicing, and it has remained in existence since, to use its own words, "to give adequate expression to our national joys, sorrows, and aspirations, and to develop a religious sense of nationality and citizenship"; and it is held that in providing good art free both these ends may be forwarded.

This year the Hyde Park entertainments include sea songs and shanties, country folk dancing, and theatrical performances. The folk dancing is a special success.

THREE ROOMS AND THEIR WINDOWS

The education authorities of Utrecht have decided on a curiously thorough test of the new window-glass invented by Mr. F. E. Lamplough, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a son of the Wesleyan manse.

They have decided to form three classes of boys and girls similar in age and physique and to teach one class in a room with windows of ordinary glass; another in a room with no windows at all; a third in a room with windows of vitra-glass admitting the Sun's ultra-violet rays.

SLEEPING WHERE HE FELL

Carl Akeley's Mountain Grave

Many C.N. readers will remember the news of the death of Carl Akeley, the African explorer and naturalist who strove by his writings to change the ill-deserved reputation of the naturally mild-mannered gorilla.

His widow, who before her marriage was a mountain climber and explorer in the Canadian North-West, has been giving an account of his grave. He lies on the slopes of Mount Mikeno, 12,500 feet above sea-level, in the midst of a dense forest in what is called the Albert National Park of the Belgian Congo.

Mrs. Akeley tells how her husband's ambition was to die in harness and be buried where he fell. In the last eight months of his life he accomplished more than in any two years previously. A memorial hall will soon be opened in the American Museum of Natural History which will contain nearly 40 groups of animals of his collecting.

TREES, TREES, TREES

Two Million Acres of State Forests

Something is being done to keep England beautiful, even if it is only in the name of being useful.

The Forestry Commission's programme of tree-planting will eventually cover nearly two million acres, and 150,000 acres will be planted by the end of 1929. That will be very useful certainly, and happily it will also be very beautiful.

But we want more and yet more beauty of this kind, for it has been declared that neither in Britain nor in the Empire, nor in any other part of the world, are we doing what we must do if the timber needs of our descendants are to be provided for.

THE HURRY-UP DOCK

A Great Move on the Thames
TRAINS TO ANYWHERE

Mr. Arnold Hills could not make the Thames into a great shipbuilding centre, but as a centre of the world's shipping its ascendancy grows every year.

And now the site of the Thames Ironworks, where the Hills family built the famous battleship Thunderer and 900 other vessels before they were compelled to close down, is to become a new hustle port where goods to and from the Midlands and the North may be dealt with more quickly than anywhere else on the river. The site is at Silvertown, in front of Victoria and Albert Docks.

Sir Samuel Instone has made an agreement with the L.N.E.R. for the joint development of the idea, and has cut the first sod for the new docks and sheds. These are to be ready in the autumn and are to accommodate three or four vessels of 7000 or 8000 tons each and deal with 200,000 tons of merchandise a year.

It is claimed that they will be the only docks in the Port of London in direct railway connection with all parts of the country.

C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

Eleventh List

We give below a list of a few more contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund on behalf of the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill. The total sum received is £512.

£1 10s. Stuart Purnell, Victoria, Australia. £1. Miss M. N. Grigg, Southport, Queensland, Australia. 15s. Miss B. S. Murphy and Pupils, St. John's School, Meerut, India. 10s. John and Janet Morrison, Phoenix, Mauritius; Thomas Russell, Pollokshields; Typing Section of the Money Order Department, G.P.O., Holloway. 5s. 6d. Gwen Bailey, Gravesend. 5s. C.N. Reader, Edinburgh; A. M. S., Prestwood; A. Pierce, Birkenhead; the Children of St. Aidan's Mission, Durham. 2s. 6d. S. M. Dukemin, Waterloo, Liverpool; Constant Reader, Wellington, New Zealand; A. E. Stark, Penarth, Glam.; Jack, Donald, and Dorothy Nesbitt, Whitehaven.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 16

1927

Shut In

WHEN a traveller sets out on a journey to a foreign country he finds that his entrance to it is barred by Custom House officials. He is regarded by these officials with suspicious eyes; he is asked to show his passport; and he is then allowed to enter the Custom House itself, where his baggage is opened, his shirts overturned, and his hair brushes spilled on the counter.

Now, whether we think a Custom House is a good thing or a bad thing it is not the real barrier between countries.

The real barrier, says Sir Alan Anderson, a director of the Bank of England, is in the mind.

It is a way of thinking. The Custom House is there because the people behind the barrier have thought it there. Their thoughts have created it; their thoughts keep it filled with uniformed officials; and their thoughts will go on heightening the barrier between nation and nation unless they take a quite different turn.

One of the wisest heads of Oxford colleges said some years ago that "he who shuts others out shuts himself in," a wonderful sentence which we all ought to store up in our minds for light and guidance. Every barrier in the mind, however much privacy it may ensure to our thoughts, shuts out the sunshine of friendship and the fresh air of creative ideas. The selfish man is of all people the most foolish, and the loneliness of his mind in old age is matched only by its poverty. To be happy, energetic, and hopeful our minds must invite and welcome every beautiful thought, every true friendship, and every heroic spirit which moves around us.

In the great world outside our own little lives we see that nations have shut others out, not only with custom houses, but with fears, suspicions, and jealousy. These barriers are tremendously old, tremendously strong, tremendously cruel. They stand in the way of healthy cooperation and they make for war. While they stand there can be no hope of peace, for peace is the fruit of goodwill.

At Geneva the other day somebody said that if we want to avoid the bankruptcy of half the States of Europe we have got to have the process of building up trade barriers reversed, and almost everyone now agrees that a trade barrier can be so high and strong as to injure vitally those for whose protection it was raised.

But the point for us to see is that all barriers are the creation of fear and suspicion. Get rid of fear and suspicion, and the barriers will fall like the walls of Jericho. We must follow the counsel nearly two thousand years old, and love one another.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Marconi's Mother

SOMEBODY has been telling the story that when Marconi was a lad, toiling over his experiments, his father grew impatient and broke the electric apparatus over which he considered his son was wasting time and money. The mother arranged a safe hiding-place which could only be entered through her bedroom; and there, alone and unhindered, the boy worked at his great schemes.

How much, we wonder, does the world owe to this good mother?

The Calmness of Sir Walter

JOHN RUSKIN, as an example of self-control, was fond of showing his visitors one of his precious possessions, the original manuscript of Scott's novel Woodstock; and he would call their attention to a particular place in a page of the manuscript.

When Scott wrote that page (Ruskin would say) he believed himself a wealthy man; when he wrote the following page the next day he knew himself to be a ruined man. Can you find a trace of it in that clear, careful writing?

And when his friends looked there was not a tremor in the script.

The Roadmender Finds a Sister

IN the depths of a Somersetshire valley, where an old packhorse bridge still spans the river and the kingfisher darts among the rushes, is a peaceful place called Shepherd's Rest.

Here, in a charming home above the river, lives a little girl, the child of an English admiral. The farm hands give her rides on their majestic cart horses, and the people greet her gladly as she trots about the lanes. But her greatest friend is the Roadmender.

To him she tells her secrets and with him she shares her joys. One day when he was at work by the roadside he looked up to find his little friend beside him. Her small hand was thrust eagerly into his.

"Something so lovely has happened!" she said. "What do you think it is? There has come to our house a little baby, and she has come to be a little sister to me and to you!"

Peter Puck, Pilgrim

O it's early in the morning
I'll be going on my way,
For I mean to reach the mountains
And before the close of day.

O to wait and watch and wonder
If the weather will be fair
May appear extremely prudent,
But it never gets you there.

O it's early in my lifetime
That I mean to choose my road,
And be off along it singing
With my dreams for knapsack load.

O to wait and play and waver
Suits the souls who have no fire,
But it never leads a pilgrim
To the Land of Heart's Desire.

The Home Secretary's Intention

THE Home Secretary does not mean to help the traffic problem by prohibiting horses in certain streets in certain hours. "I have no such intention," he says. We fear he has no intention either of prohibiting the motorcycle hooligan in any street at any time, though he has many times given his word to stop this savage disturber of the peace.

Tip-Cat

PEOPLE are wrong who think singing does not involve hard work. It is the accompanist who does all the playing.

You are advised not to look on life through rose-coloured spectacles. The best people never see red.

THREE hundred and fifty telephone girls get married every year. And when the ring is on they generally ring off.

AGRICULTURE is not, we are told, merely a business. And the farmers don't talk as if it were much of a pleasure. What is it?

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the man of iron will is on his mettle

to the imagination. That sort is said to be a very powerful novel.

THEY say most of us are bitten with the craze for movement. The same effect is caused by mosquitoes.

WOMEN have caught up to men in the struggle for existence. Hope they consider it a good catch.

THE rest of the world, it seems, is constantly looking at Great Britain. Thinks it needs looking after.

What They Gave Up

A LETTER from France tells us of a certain village in which the children were asked to give up a few things for a season. These are some of the responses to the request.

One boy lent his brother a new book, though the brother always has dirty fingers.
A little girl who had a fall laughed instead of crying.

A boy walked up the stairs instead of taking the lift.

A girl put on a coat she did not like at all, Another girl saved all her chocolate to eat at the end of the time.

Five little boys took leek soup, which they all hated.

And so the great sacrifice goes on; so we learn to face adversity and ill-fortune.

Not To Be Downed

MOST of us know how Silas Wegg emerged successfully from every awkward question put to him by Mr. Boffin concerning the Decline and Fall of the Rooshan Empire. When Mr. Boffin's questions took Mr. Wegg out of his intellectual depth he would regard his employer with a rebukeful eye and icily inform him that such a question could not be answered in the presence of Mrs. Boffin.

Sir Richard Temple has just told a story of his boyhood which reveals the same sturdy determination not to be downed in the case of a governess who taught his sisters. When the young Richard, freed from the tutorship of this governess, went to a public school he discovered that the Greek hero Theseus had a different name from that he had learned from his governess. She had taught him and his sisters to speak of *The-shus*, but at school the masters spoke of him as *The-seus*.

He treasured that up, and on his return home mischievously sprang this superior knowledge on the governess and watched for signs of discomfiture in her face. But there was no panic on that dignified countenance. True to the immortal tradition of Silas Wegg the lady drew herself up and replied "It is *The-shus* for girls and *The-seus* for boys."

Terrific Tommy

Aged 3

I'd like to be a pirate with a jolly mate like Smee,
Aboard a gallant brigantine, wind-jamming on the sea;
I'd have enormous sea-boots reaching midway up my thigh,
A cutlass and a musket, and a patch across my eye.
Then there'd be no solemn lectures if I didn't brush my hair,
And if I didn't wash my neck the pirates wouldn't care;
Then there'd be no foolish women fussing round to interfere,
Saying Pretty little fellow (pah!) or Come now, Tommy dear;
But tattooed and booted mateys, weatherbeaten, sabre-scarred,
With their chins all blue and stubbly and their pigtailed bravely tarred.
I would never do a fraction, I would never learn a date,
I'd go to bed just when I liked—I'd stay up awf'ly late!
And I'd learn to rig a head-pump, ride down a stay as well,
And brace a yard like winkey, though I couldn't write or spell.
Yes, when I'm grown to manhood, and can do just what I please,
I will not be a king or duke, or anything like these,
I will not keep an aeroplane or buy a dappled gee,
But I'll go and be a pirate wind-jamming on the sea.

I Thank Thee

I thank Thee for the voice that sings
To inner depths of being;
For all the upward spread of wings
From earthly bondage freeing;
For mystery, the dream of things
Beyond our power of seeing!

Florence Earle Coates

July 16, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE GREAT MAUSOLEUM

A PALACE FOR A DEAD KING

London's Model of a Wonder of the World

SOMETHING NEW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The C.N. has often complained that people rush about here and there trying to see wonderful things and neglecting the glorious things at their own door. The door in this case is the British Museum. Were it called by any other name (The House of Magic Sights, for instance) it might be better patronised.

A wonderful thing has happened there in what is called the Mausoleum Room. A new model has appeared, one-fortieth the real size, of a very marvellous building which was known as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It is called the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus.

This building was set up in honour of Mausolus, King of Caria, in Asia Minor. He died about 350 B.C. By association with his name the tomb house came to be known as the Mausoleum, and the tomb house of this Carian king gave a new word to the world.

A Wonder of the World

All that is left of the glorious pile lies here in this room. We can look at the model and look round at the fragments of the original building. The Mausoleum has a most romantic story.

When the King of Caria died his wife Artemisia became ruler in his place. She lived only two years, dying, it is said, of a wasting disease caused by grief for Mausolus. During those two years she made him immortal. She was an extraordinary woman, absorbed in the exercise and creation of lovely things. She organised rhetorical and dramatic contests in which poets and orators vied with each other to praise the dead prince, and she built this wonder of the world for his tomb house.

What the Mausoleum Was Like

The Mausoleum was not finished when she died, and the artists who were conducting the work finished it as a labour of love. The story of this sepulchre rang from end to end of the known world. It cost a fabulous sum.

For its erection two architects and four sculptors of the first rank were summoned from Greece, and an army of craftsmen, who were all artists, worked at their bidding. The sepulchre took the form of a rectangular building standing on a lofty basement surrounded by 36 Ionic columns. The roof was a pyramid of 24 steps, and on the top was a chariot, with four horses abreast, in which Mausolus and Artemisia stood side by side. There were a great many lovely statues and figures of animals disposed about the building. It was entirely built of white marble and served as a landmark for sailors far and wide.

Ruin and Pillage

For several centuries after the fall of Greece the glory of Halicarnassus towered in its place. Then the inevitable ruin and pillage began. The Turks were partly responsible for the defacement, and also the Knights of St. John, who took Halicarnassus in the 15th century and began to build a castle, now known as Budrum. They used anything they wanted from the Mausoleum. A great many fragments of sculpture they burned down for lime.

Centuries passed, and further pillages took place; time and natural decay did their work. In the middle of the eighteenth century all that was left of this wonder of the world was a heap of mounds by the seashore, looking like any other mounds. Even the site was disputed. Artists and archaeologists had for some time shown the liveliest curiosity about the lost sepulchre, and

THE NILE TO THE CONGO AND BACK

SOME time ago a Belgian lady, Made-moiselle Lippens, had a motor-car accident in the Sudan.

She received attention from the hospital boat on the Nile, and because of that help she resolved to build a boat for the same purpose for the Congo.

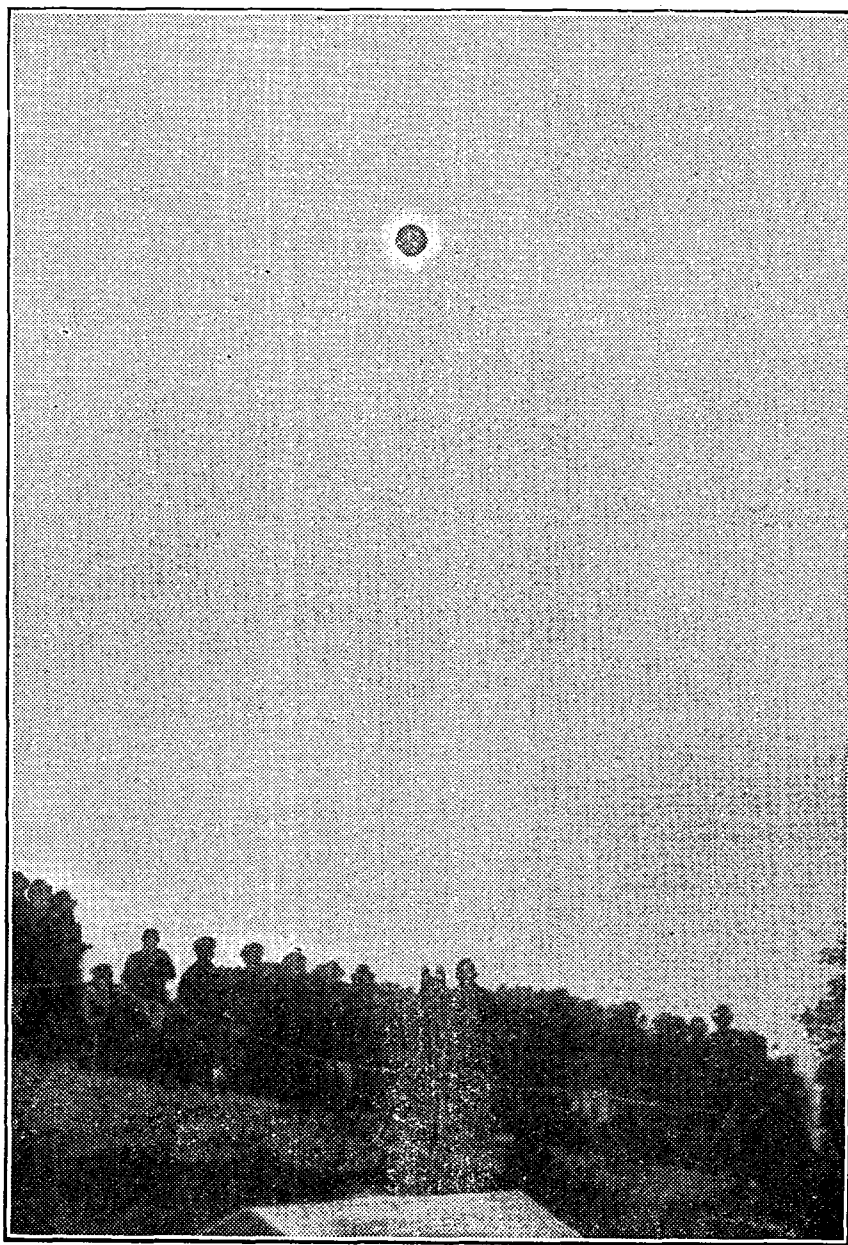
Today this ship, the Belgique, brings healing and hope to the peoples on that great river. On the lowest of the three decks are the galley, the sterilising room, sleeping quarters for the crew, ice plant, laundry, and so on. On the second deck are wards for the African and European patients, with an operating theatre and other rooms. On the upper deck live the captain and the doctors and the patients who are well enough to sit

out in the open. Everything that is needed for a hospital is there.

It was from the Nile that the idea came to the Congo. Now there is to be another hospital boat on the Nile. The widow of Sir Lee Stack, when Sir Lee was killed in Egypt in 1924, had a sum of money paid to her by the Egyptian Government, and she had the noble idea of avenging the death of her husband by using this money to build a hospital boat for the Upper Nile.

And, seeking for a model for the new ship, what have the builders done but study the Belgique, the boat which sails the Congo! The Nile to the Congo and back again—that is how a good example spreads.

OVER A FIELD AT GIGGLESWICK



A photograph of the Eclipse taken at the moment of totality in the field at Giggleswick where the Editor of the C.N. saw the Moon blot out the Sun. See page 4

many drawings were made showing a reconstruction worked out from the descriptions of ancient writers.

A chance discovery of a piece of sculpture on the Carian seashore led to an appeal for excavation. The Turkish Government gave the necessary permission (after eleven years of debate), and also allowed the sculptured reliefs to be brought away. They were given to the British Museum, and we can now see them on the walls of the Mausoleum Room, lovely scenes of the fights between the Greeks and the Amazons, the Greeks and the Centaurs. These scarred figures alone are worth a pilgrimage to see. The marbles now standing about the room were dug out. All that was left of the ruin of centuries was retrieved as the years went on. But still the actual shape of the building was not quite known.

The model now shown has at last solved the problem. It is mainly the work of a fine old man, Mr. W. Pinker,

foreman of masons of this department of the Museum. For years he has studied the fragments of marble which have been brought in, pieces of wall and pieces of roof, and he has built up the model from the evidence of the stones themselves, which suggest, more accurately than anyone save the actual architect could, the precise nature of the building.

It is extremely interesting to look at the drawings, shown in the same room, of what experts imagined the Mausoleum was and compare them with the model logically worked out. The Museum authorities are rightly proud of their craftsman. If the Mausoleum was one of the wonders of the ancient world, its reconstruction is one of the wonders of our world today. And we owe it largely to Mr. Pinker, this brilliant mason of Bloomsbury, who is now working at eighty and has been working since he was nine.

THE BIRDS THAT MISSED THE TIDE

NEW LIGHT ON WHY THEY GO

The Purpose that Throbs Within Them When the Hour Strikes

BEATING THE PRISON BARS

By Our Natural Historian

An interesting experiment with a flock of young storks has brought unexpected results.

A famous authority on bird migration, Professor Thienemann, of East Prussia, obtained 27 white nestling storks last summer, fastened the flight feathers of their wings, and enclosed them in a big wire compound to which there was no roof.

The birds thrived, grew up, and were content until the date for migration drew near. Then, like caged migrants which are quiet till that season arrives and then beat their breasts raw against the bars of their prison, these youngsters grew more and more excited till three managed to fly away, one on August 18, a second on August 23, and a third on August 29.

Lost for Three Months

Inquiry proved that those were the three days on which the general stream of migrating storks started south from East Prussia.

The remaining 24 storks were now placed in an enclosure from which there was no escape, and were detained for nine days, in which time the professor ascertained that there remained no more storks in East Prussia. Then he released the remainder of his young captives.

The passion to fly south had by this time cooled down. The birds circled round in freedom, but returned and had to be scared away. They made a resting-place near by, but finally, on September 18, the myriads of frogs upon which they had been feeding having disappeared, they at last set off. Their progress south was traced for 14 miles on the succeeding day, and all sight of them was lost for three months. Then, instead of basking in the sunshine of Lake Victoria, where they should have been, they were still loitering in Southern Europe.

New Light on Migration

The normal flight route for these storks from East Prussia is south-east to the Bosphorus, across Asia Minor and Palestine, and then down within sight of the east coast of Africa. But these birds had gone due south to Athens.

Did they reach Lake Victoria and find their kindred? Were they admitted to the common company of storks, and will they fly back with them to their original nurseries this year? That is what watchers want to know.

But even now we have valuable new light on migration. Young birds fly, at the right moment, by the route their ancestors have been wont to follow. We see, however, that if they are detained beyond the natural date for departure the impulse to migrate wanes.

An Instinct Like a Clock

Here there seems to be a clue to the old problem How do birds basking in tropical sunshine know when to set out to meet Spring in England? May we assume that the migrating bird has within it an instinct like a clock which Nature winds up as we wind an alarm? The appointed hour arrives, and go it must; it knows not why or whither.

If the bird flies when the passion for its journey still burns all is well; if it lets the critical hour pass, the urgent voice goes unheeded, then its purpose flags, the sense of direction is dulled, and, instead of crowding on in glory to the Promised Land of Ithaca, it may be to the drowsy land of the lotus-eaters that the travellers come, where love of home and kind must die and ambition perish. There is a tide in the affairs of birds as in the affairs of men. F. A. B.

THE UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT

NELLIE BLAND OF BRADFORD

The Dumb Girl Whose Life Speaks

I LIVE TO SERVE

No more wonderful work has been done in the world in the last century than that by which the blind and deaf have been educated to understand and enjoy the world they can neither see nor hear.

Success began about ninety years ago in America with the case of Laura Bridgman. It reached its height about twenty years ago, when Helen Keller, the famous American blind, deaf, and dumb girl, passed the B.A. examination. An example of this fine tuition in England is Miss Nellie Bland of Bradford.

A recent visitor to her on two occasions sends us the following account of an interview.

Blind, dumb, and paralysed, Miss Nellie Bland has been a patient in St. Catherine's Home, Bradford, for 15 years. Through that period she has been lying helpless and in constant pain. But you have only to be in her company a few minutes to realise you are in the presence of an unconquerable spirit. Her faith is that there are no difficulties that cannot be overcome, and that God has taken away the eyes that the soul may see.

A Great Reader

Confined within a single room, she nevertheless lives in a big world of thought and service. A great reader, she was intent on a novel by John Galsworthy as I entered the room. She is familiar with the masterpieces of English literature through Braille type. She has studied Esperanto too, and holds a diploma of proficiency in it. People write to her in Esperanto from all parts of the world, and as she is an excellent typist she is able to send them greetings in return.

It is, perhaps, not so surprising that she is an expert in knitting as well as in crochet work.

Alphabetic Gloves

What a wonderful memory she has! She is a member of more than one society which deals with scientific mind and memory culture. Sometimes a Bradford teacher, also blind, visits her, and the two friends are able to speak to one another by the touch of their fingers.

To converse with the ordinary visitor Miss Bland uses a pair of alphabetic gloves, the invention of a deaf and dumb Frenchman. These gloves are of a white material, and on the fingers and backs are printed the letters of the alphabet. Far more rapidly than our unaccustomed eyes can follow is she able to spell out the words upon her gloved fingers. The words Yes and No are inscribed on the wrists, but Miss Bland, by her nod and smile of assent or her shake of the head, can dispense with them.

A Radiant Faith

I suggested that she was the English Helen Keller, but she modestly disclaimed a right to that title. But all who come under her influence will find in her the same amazing cheeriness and courage, the same sublime triumph over appalling handicaps, the same radiant faith in the goodness of life, and the same inspiration drawn from experience of God that characterised that marvelous American woman.

There is a branch of the foreign missionary enterprise of the United Methodist Church known as the Invalid's League of Love and Service, and in that work Miss Bland takes a valiant share. When I remarked that hers was a wide world and her life both a challenge and a rebuke to many of us she replied simply *I live to serve.*

Here assuredly is Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, plain to the sight, *Who, doomed to go in company with Pain, Turns his necessity to glorious gain.*

A QUEER FACTORY

What Comes from a Doctor's Garden
THE HOME OF MESOTHORIUM

In a beautiful garden just outside London is perhaps the most curious factory in the world. It is a little factory for extracting mesothorium, the substance which has almost entirely replaced radium for making luminous figures on watch dials and clock faces.

Mesothorium is far cheaper than radium, and is twice as powerful in making the phosphorescent paints that are used on the dials glow. Its drawback is that it has a much shorter life than radium, its power of emitting alpha rays dying out in a few years.

Watches with luminous figures and hands are now made in tens of thousands, and the luminous paint is used on speedometers and similar things, especially for aeroplanes.

The mesothorium is obtained from the rare earths used in the manufacture of incandescent gas mantles. It is a chemical process requiring great skill, and immense care and patience are needed in gradually concentrating the radio-active element from the raw material.

Practically all the mesothorium used in England is extracted in a small laboratory in a London doctor's garden. Mesothorium, like radium, is apt to get carried about in the form of dust and to ruin other chemical operations. Like radium, too, it is very dangerous to handle in quantity; those handling it have to take the utmost care, and their blood is examined frequently to see that their health is not affected.

PEOPLE WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Sad Plight of the Cypriotes

An appeal has been made to the British Government on behalf of 15,000 unfortunate people who find themselves without a nationality.

These are people living in Egypt who either went there themselves from Cyprus or are the descendants of Cypriotes, as the inhabitants of Cyprus are called. When Great Britain formally annexed Cyprus in 1914 Cypriotes living in Cyprus became British subjects, but not Cypriotes who were living elsewhere. That was distressing enough, but still worse has followed.

The Egyptian Parliament has passed a law requiring everybody in Egypt who has not a definite nationality either to accept Egyptian nationality or to leave Egypt. Naturally, being patriotic Cypriotes, they do not wish to become Egyptian, and as all their property and interests are in Egypt they do not want to go away. They want to become British subjects like their friends and relations at home.

THE LITTLE TANK AT TEDDINGTON

Few of those who travel across the sea in ships can know how much the vessel owes its speed through the water to the experiments carried out in the William Froude National Tank at Teddington.

All kinds of problems connected with the propulsion of ships are dealt with in this famous tank, and during last year no fewer than 63 model ships were tried in order to gain further information as to the best way to drive a vessel. Among the model ships tried in the tank were dredgers, oil-tankers, cross-channel steamers, and coastal vessels.

Year by year the work done with these models adds to the efficiency and speed of our sea-going craft. One of the problems now being dealt with is the influence of waves on the propulsion and pitching of ships. It is interesting to know that the scientist can glean from the behaviour of his models the best way to run a great liner.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



There are now 2000 covered buses on the London streets, half the leading company's whole fleet.

The Bible Society issued 14 new versions of the Bible last year, a record for its translation work.

Millions Lost in Forest Fires

Canada has suffered 15 million acres of forest fires in five years, costing her 14 million pounds.

2000 Houses with Wireless

An enterprising builder is putting up 2000 houses in Buckinghamshire all of which are being fitted with wireless.

Educating the Criminal

Criminals in Turkish prisons are to be taught to read and write, and none will be released till he knows his alphabet.

London's Grimy Mantle

In one month last year (November) rain brought down from the atmosphere in the City of London (one square mile) 73 tons of dirt.

Creepers' Daily Growth

A canary creeper at a C.N. house in Whitchurch, Hampshire, has been growing at an average rate of nearly two inches a day.

An Ancient Obelisk

An obelisk in front of Westminster Abbey, damaged by a motor-car collision, is believed to date back to the time of Edward the Confessor.

Another Armada Relic

A diver has brought up a cuirass of silver from the old galleon Florenzia of the Spanish Armada, which was sunk off Tobermory.

Adventures of a Homing Pigeon

Picked up at Swansea, a homing pigeon carried a note stating that it had been found by three widely-separated ships in the Channel.

The Tennis Champions

With the winning of the Championships by Cochet and Miss Helen Wills the highest honours of the English game of tennis are again out of English hands.

A CHARLES DICKENS THEATRE

English Players to Act His Novels

The peace of the world depends very largely on the maintenance of friendship between Britain and America, and the greatest bond linking these two great nations is their joint inheritance of the same language and literature. How excellent a thing is it, then, to hear that a new theatre is to be built in New York in honour of that most typical Englishman Charles Dickens.

It is to be called the Charles Dickens Theatre, and the services of a writer well known on both sides of the Atlantic have been enlisted to dramatise at least one of Dickens's books each year. The playwright in question is Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who has already turned Pickwick into a successful play.

"The Charles Dickens Theatre will be built by Mr. Frank C. Reilly," Mr. Hamilton told the C.N., "in association with other American theatre magnates. The site has already been secured, and it will not be long before the building is completed. The players will be all English, and the atmosphere of the theatre will be English, which is an invaluable factor in the work of educating the two peoples to a better understanding."

"I have been asked to write one Dickens play each year, and can choose which of the novels I will adapt. Having completed Pickwick, I am next engaging myself on David Copperfield. After that I shall take Bleak House, then Edwin Drood, then Dombey and Son, and Nicholas Nickleby."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE BIRDS

PEACE IN THE HUNTING GROUNDS

The Field of Death Becomes a Sanctuary of Life

THE STORY OF A BROTHER AND SISTER

Bird-lovers everywhere are rejoiced to know that a bird protection society in America has just been given another 26,000 acres for a wild-life sanctuary. The gift was made in peculiar circumstances by the sister of a man who all his life delighted in killing wild animals.

He was Paul J. Rainey. He inherited a million pounds from his father. Nature found plenty of mischief for those idle hands to do. Paul Rainey, as boy and man, had only one real passion, to destroy life.

There are always people to follow and flatter a millionaire, and Rainey thought he was a wonderful fellow. He had money to take him to any part of the Earth where there were things to kill.

A Boy Savage

From the Arctic Circle down to the jungles of the Equator Paul Rainey left a blood trail. He did not care where he went or what he faced; he was without physical fear. Perhaps the kindest thing that can be said about him is that he was a boy savage who never grew up, who could not see a wild animal alive without wanting to kill it.

He killed polar bears, walrus, seals, birds by the thousand, "big game" as often as he could find a herd or a family. He once shot nine lions in about half an hour. His special joy in the rare months he was at home was his 26,000-acre hunting ground on the Louisiana coast. There he cherished wild birds, ducks, geese, and other coast species in order to shoot them.

When 46 this millionaire slayer of animals was found dead in his state-room on his way to the African jungles, and was buried at sea. His sister, Mrs. Grace Rainey Rodgers, inherited his fortune.

A Deed of Atonement

She felt she had a duty on behalf of the brother whose money she had inherited. Few things could be done to atone. She could not bring life back to the thousands of shy, beautiful wild things he had killed and boasted about. But one thing she has done. She has given that 26,000-acre hunting ground to the American Audubon Association, with plenty of money to keep it up, on the condition that the vast field of death shall become a sanctuary of bird-life in perpetuity.

Birds have a way of telling each other their good news. Soon there will be thousands of wild creatures at home in this sanctuary, happy and secure. In time its former use will be forgotten, as all unhappy things are. The joy of this great peace plot will last for ever.

YOUR FIRE ALARM

Do You Know Where It Is?

It seems rather important when fire alarms are dotted about the towns to save time in an emergency that we should know where the nearest is to be found. An odd story comes to us on the subject.

The President of the Firemen's Federation of France was at a dinner in Paris the other day, and offered to give a second dinner to the whole company if even three of the guests could tell him the position of the fire alarm nearest to his own home.

Not one of them could do so. The C.N. imagines that very few readers of this paragraph could do any better. It may be just as well to take an early opportunity of finding out!

THE MEDICINE MAN

GOOD JOSEPH FITHIAN

How He Worked for the
Negroes of Kentucky

A STORY THAT MUST NOT BE FORGOTTEN

About seventy-five years ago a man started practice as a doctor in a Kentucky town.

He carried medicine in his saddle-bags and charity in his heart. He had a theory, which seemed strange to some people, that health and goodness and beauty went hand in hand. He was always coming across people who had a story to tell which, were it only spread abroad, would stop all selfishness for ever. The doctor treasured these stories, and when he heard men and women saying bitter things about their fellow-creatures he would say "Listen, I have something to say too."

A Friend of the Slaves

His name was Joseph Fithian. Sometimes he drove in a little old-fashioned phaeton, sometimes he rode. Men at work in the fields, slaves in the plantations, would see him pass by and feel better because they knew the world held such a man. He attended the Negroes who were owned by the whites and gave the slave the same loving care he gave the master. He had worked out in his mind all the principles that underlay the American Civil War long before the first drum beat for action, and when the call came he went to serve the Northern States.

He was appointed Brigade Surgeon, and toiled through all the weary months of the war. When peace was concluded he went back home, and was given a joyous welcome. The Negroes especially hailed his return. He had long ago won their faith and loyalty. He treated their superstitions gently, and never spoke a hard word unless it was necessary. But the Negroes were a little uneasy for a time as to whether their adored physician would tend them in their new guise as freed men. When they were slaves their masters had paid the doctor's bills. Now they were their own masters, but money was terribly scarce in many places.

Beloved by Everyone

They need have had no fear. Dr. Fithian's horse stopped at their doors just the same, and where the household was poor no mention was made of payment. As over half his practice was concerned with Negroes we have some measure of this rare man's self-denial and charity.

As the years went by he became the most beloved man in the district. When the Negroes thought of God and the angels they also thought of Dr. Fithian. For fifty years he went to and fro. One day he scratched his finger during an operation, neglected himself while thinking of others. The finger became septic and poisoned him. He died in two days.

Mourned by Whites and Negroes

The district was paralysed. God's good man had gone where he belonged. Thousands of people followed the body to the grave in a procession of carriages and walkers three miles long. It was mainly the white people who walked and rode on that long track of two miles which led from the church to the cemetery. The Negroes formed up in a great unbroken mass on each side of the road, and stayed, weeping, on their knees until all that was left of their friend had been laid in the earth.

This happened about twenty years ago, and the memory of Dr. Fithian is still so precious to many that it might have been yesterday. A friend of the C.N. in Cincinnati, closely related to that good man, has sent us this story lest in time it should be forgotten.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN ART

A Painter of Pastorals

Antoine Watteau died on July 18, 1721.

Watteau has been called the greatest of small masters. His work appeared at a time when France was drawing a long breath after the tyranny imposed on art by Louis XIV, who insisted on everything being an imitation of the Italian. Watteau's art, its freshness, its exquisite charm, came like spring to a barren land.

Watteau climbed to his success by a very hard road. He was the son of a workman, and was born at Valenciennes on October 16, 1684. Nothing is known of his boyhood save that when he was 14, his father apprenticed him to a local painter. Antoine stayed in that workshop four years and learned very little.

Then he set out for Paris, penniless, unknown. He started work on about as low a basis as any student could, engaging himself to a man who manufactured pictures in his studio by the dozen, dividing up the work among his pupils so that one was always painting skies, another draperies, another putting in high lights. Antoine received a meal a day and about three francs a week.

Time for Study

After a time he escaped from this terrible drudgery and became assistant to another man, in whose studio he learned something of stage design and fantastic, decorative painting. His next step was an important one. He was taken into the workshop of Claude Audran, the keeper of the palace of the Luxembourg and an artist himself.

In the palace were a great many masterpieces. Antoine could study these in his spare time, and he could also wander in the Luxembourg Gardens, drawing trees, drawing the dainty and gallant figures that passed down the green alleys, seeming to the young man like persons in a play.

A Tireless Worker

One day he showed Audran a picture he had painted. Audran was amazed at the brilliance of the work. He was also a little jealous. The young painter took heart. He had the luck to sell the picture for a small sum, and went to Valenciennes to cure an attack of homesickness and, he hoped, the lung weakness troubling him.

When next he came to Paris he was more fortunate, and got a commission which set him on his feet. He was asked to paint four large pictures for the town house of a wealthy man, and took up his abode there. Before they were finished it was realised that there was a new genius of great and unusual charm in Paris. In 1712 Watteau was admitted to the Academy. He painted his masterpiece, *The Embarkation for Cythera*, now in the Louvre.

He worked incessantly at the style of pictures he had made his own. No one had seen anything like them before: rural scenes, with some kind of a fête in the foreground, dainty figures like nymphs or shepherdesses passing to and fro or seated at a picnic. He was always drawing, and all his drawings were exquisite.

Idyllic Pastorals

These idyllic pastorals took Paris by storm; and they still hold a unique place in the world of art. The finest collection of Watteau's work is in Germany. In the Wallace Collection we have several lovely things; there is also a Watteau in the National Gallery.

From 1716 to 1721 were the painter's most crowded years. The last two or three he wandered about incessantly, seeking health and seeking that ideal of beauty that comforted and tormented him all his life. He visited London (the last place for a man dying of consumption) in 1719 and stayed almost a year, rather friendless and unhappy. He died suddenly, in the midst of plans for new work, at Nogent, near Vincennes, on July 18, 1721.

BUNYAN'S HOUSE

BEAUTIFUL

A PLACE THE FAMOUS
TINKER KNEW

Ruins that Probably Come Into
Pilgrim's Progress

WORK BY INIGO JONES

Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey, and if they should meet with me in the dark how should I escape being torn in pieces?

But while he was thus bewailing he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful.

Meeting him at the threshold of the house, they said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in.

It is said that Bunyan was describing a real house when he told of Christian's sojourn in the House Beautiful, and that it was the building now in ruins and known as Houghton House, near Ampthill, Bedfordshire. It is hoped to preserve it for the nation.

Work by Famous Architects

There are no chained lions on either side of the road approaching the gate, and Apollyon is no more at home in the neighbouring valley than elsewhere. Neither do the Delectable Mountains, from which a view of the gate of the Celestial City may be obtained, lie within sight of its roof to the south, unless in the devout imagination.

But there is work to be seen done by John Thorpe, who built Holland House, two stone loggias built by Inigo Jones long before he built Whitehall, and alterations by Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House. There is not much left of the building now, but it still has claims to be called the House Beautiful, whether or not Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity once lived there, guarded by the porter Watchful, to speed and succour wayfarers on the pilgrimage of life.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How Did Maryland in America Get its Name?

It was so named in honour of Queen Henrietta Maria, the consort of Charles I.

What is a Tetraborate?

A salt of tetraboric acid, which is an acid containing four atoms of boron in the molecule.

What Do the Letters A.M.D.G. Stand For?

The Latin words *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, which means To the greater glory of God.

Is the Term 18 Knots an Hour Correct?

No; it should be 18 knots; a knot is a unit of speed equal to one nautical mile, or 6080·27 feet, an hour.

Do Butterflies Ever Hibernate?

Yes; and in the early spring we may often see flying about on a sunny day a red admiral or a peacock that has been hibernating during the cold months.

Where Do Dragon-Flies Lay Their Eggs?

On the stems and leaves of water plants, some species laying them below the surface of the water, their long bodies allowing the operation to be performed without wetting wings or thorax.

Will Railways Cease to Exist in Coming Years?

No one can say. No doubt air and motor-car travel will develop, but railways will long hold their own for the transport of large quantities of material and large numbers of people.

Why is St. George the Patron Saint of England?

This Cappadocian martyr, put to death by Diocletian in 303, was often invoked by Richard I in the Crusades, and it is related that in response he appeared in a vision to the king, since when he has been reckoned as the national saint of the English.

JUPITER AND URANUS

TWO PLANETS SEEN TOGETHER

Giant World that is Coming
Closer to the Earth

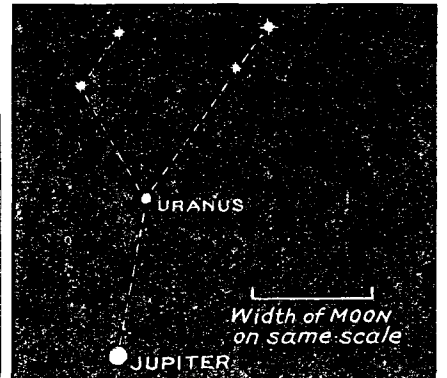
CROSSING THE LINE

By the C.N. Astronomer

The worlds of Jupiter and Uranus are of increasing interest now, partly on account of their apparent nearness to each other and partly because both have "crossed the line" of the equator of the heavens.

Being now in the northern hemisphere, Uranus after a sojourn of 42 years among the southern constellations and Jupiter after being for more than five years below the line, it will be possible to observe these two worlds to better advantage in England.

During the dark, moonless nights of the next couple of weeks a good opportunity of seeing Uranus and



Jupiter and Uranus as seen through field-glasses or binoculars next week

Jupiter in the same field of view of binoculars or field-glasses will occur.

During this time the movements of Jupiter, first to the left and then to the right of Uranus, will be strikingly apparent to observers.

The two planets rise almost due east about 11.30 p.m. at present, and about half an hour earlier each week following. But not for at least an hour after rising will observation be practicable.

While, however, Jupiter will be readily seen, his lustrous orb almost rivalling Venus, Uranus is no brighter than a star of the sixth magnitude. A clear sky above the horizon will therefore be necessary for this world, 59 times the size of our own and, at present, 1810 million miles away, to be seen.

The accompanying star map is on a very large scale, and shows the positions of the two planets relative to the neighbouring small stars during next week; all these will appear together in the field of view.

Both worlds are moving slightly, Jupiter at present to the left and Uranus to the right; but neither sufficiently to make the motion appreciable in this time.

Uranus will appear about as bright as the brightest of the stars, but Jupiter is like a little sun, and will probably have one or two of his moons perceptible if the glasses are powerful ones.

Jupiter is now about 395 million miles away and getting closer every day. Being so much nearer than Uranus and so immense, 1300 times the size of the Earth, we can understand the difference in the apparent sizes of these two worlds. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus west, Mars north of west, Saturn west of south; Jupiter and Uranus east about midnight.

The Night Sky

Readers of these notes week by week should on no account miss seeing the splendid star chart designed by G. F. M. which appears in the August issue of My Magazine, on sale July 15.

It shows the chief constellations as they appear now in the evening sky, and it has an ingenious scale of light-years which shows how far away are many of the stars.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure

By Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 31

The Barge

THE afternoon was well advanced, but daylight would last for an hour or two. Michael did not know the exact time, and there was no possibility of safe hiding until dark. The necessity of the moment was to get as far from the village as they could, for the orchard was small and could easily be surrounded.

It was the second of the rescuers, Lo Fing's friend, who set the course. At the far end of the orchard was a field of sorghum; the tall stalks were shoulder high, and the Chinese, without uttering a word, led the way among them, bending low, so that he must have been invisible to anyone at a distance. The others followed him in single file, taking care to disturb the plants as little as possible lest they should leave a trail.

Meanwhile the village was in commotion. A growing volume of shouts reached the anxious ears of the fugitives, and it could not be long before their pursuers were in full cry after them.

They had gone rather more than half way across the field when the leader suddenly halted and signed to the rest to stoop still lower. He whispered that he had caught sight of two men on their left, in the open country, hurrying toward the village, no doubt attracted by the shouts.

"They have passed on," he said in a few moments. "Follow!"

Again the four men set off at a loping trot. They crossed the sorghum field; there was then a narrow belt of open grassland, with another field of grain on the farther side. Waiting at the edge of the belt only long enough to assure himself that no one was in sight, their guide dashed across into the field, among the stalks of which all four were soon invisible.

The country around was in general flat, broken only here and there by hillocks or slight rises. But for the growing crops the fugitives could have been seen from a great distance. Knowing every inch of the ground, the leader was able to guide them from one patch of vegetation to another, and to avoid the open spaces in which their moving forms must have betrayed them.

It was clear that the pursuit was now being hotly pressed. From several directions came sounds of the pirates scouring the country behind them. The sounds drew closer and closer; it seemed that their trail had been discovered, and while the pursuers could move freely the fugitives had to make detours in order to skirt the open ground.

With scarcely a word they pressed on at their utmost speed. They had run for more than half an hour without discovery when they suddenly found themselves cornered. From their cover in a paddy field they saw a party of Chinese directly ahead of them, and from right and left came sounds that indicated only too plainly that two other parties were converging upon their course. Discovery was certain if they remained where they were; yet whatever direction they took it seemed that they must run into the jaws of danger.

Even Lo Fing's friend was now at a loss. Efficient as a guide, he was useless as a strategist. In this emergency Ah Sung proved himself to be a man of resource.

On their left hand ran an irrigation ditch some six or eight yards broad. Tied to a stake on the bank lay a large flat-bottomed boat or barge, half filled with long-stalked plants of some kind. There was no sign of boatmen; perhaps they were the men who had been seen hastening to the village.

Ah Sung suggested that they should go aboard the barge and

hide among the stalks until the pursuers had passed. There was no time to weigh pros and cons; every man of the party knew that their only chance of safety depended on the barge being left unexamined. A chance it was, otherwise there was none, and without more than a momentary hesitation they ran to the barge, scrambled on board, and pulled the stalks over them.

Breathing hard, they lay under the green, moist covering. Would their hiding-place be suspected? They made little interstices between the stalks so that they might peep out. First the pursuers from the right came up and halted a few yards from the barge, at a spot where a path cut through the paddy field. There, in a minute or two, they were joined by the party from the left, and within a few seconds by the party ahead, among whom Michael recognised the commanding figure of Mirski. The whole company numbered more than a score.

There was much loud talking among them, too rapid for Michael to follow, but he guessed that they were consulting about their next moves. At one point in the discussion they took a few paces in the direction of the barge, and Michael felt that all was over. To escape was impossible; to fight would be useless. He was ready to despair when the party halted and turned their backs on the barge.

The discussion continued only a few minutes longer. Then the party split up again into three, which hurried off in different directions to continue the chase.

Those moments of suspense had been terrible. That it had been a narrow escape was shown by what Fing told Michael when the pursuers were well out of earshot.

"As our proverb says, my honourable friend," whispered the farmer, "when you converse in the road remember there are men in the grass. I heard something of what they said to one another. We were seen some time ago, and they pursued us in the direction they thought we had taken. By the mercy of heaven they guessed wrong."

Hidden in the barge, slightly below the level of the top of the bank, the fugitives could not see what the pursuers were doing. But they had a clear view along the ditch, which was straight for a good distance each way. To the north, the direction in which they were bound, the ditch was spanned by a rough wooden bridge. In a few minutes they saw a party of five men cross from one bank to the other.

"That way," said Lo Fing, "the ditch runs into the swamp where I had the honour of guiding you, sir, by the secret path. That is the way we must go."

"We must find out whether they are on the watch for us," replied Michael. "And the country is pretty open, is it not?"

"It is, but a thought has occurred to me. The sight of the barge moving along the ditch would surprise no one. I propose that while you, sir, being a white man, remain hidden my friend and I, who are accustomed to transport our crops in such a barge, should punt this craft gently along. We shall thus arrive more easily at our destination without the labour of walking."

"An excellent notion if it is safe. Perhaps Ah Sung will go up the bank cautiously and see if there is anyone in sight."

Ah Sung crawled from under the stalks on to the bank and up to the top, taking care not to expose himself to view. Gradually he raised himself until he could see a good distance on either side of the ditch. When he came down again he reported that the pursuing parties were quite out of sight; he had

seen only two men in the far distance, coming slowly from the direction of the village. They, it appeared, were not concerned in the chase.

"Then we'll start," said Michael.

CHAPTER 32

Across the Swamp

IT was slow work. Lo Fing was not in robust health, his friend was out of form, and the laden barge was heavy. To Michael, impatient to reach his brother again, it seemed an age before they gained the wooden bridge. And then, as they passed under it, he glanced back along the ditch and saw two men come to the edge of the bank at or near the spot where the barge had been moored.

Next moment they set off at a run along the bank after the barge.

"Two piecee fella my see all-same," said Ah Sung. "Come chop-chop catchee, no mistake."

"The bargemen, I suppose, come from the village," said Michael. "They'll certainly catch us, for they can run three or four yards to our one."

"All same fightee; four piecee, two piecee; they catchee bad licking, no mistake!"

"No; fighting is out of the question; even if they'd stop to fight we haven't time for it. They may or may not suspect who we are. When they catch us up they'll rouse the neighbourhood. Lo Fing, hadn't we better leave the barge at once and get across the swamp? If those men regain their barge they may not trouble about us any further; but we can't afford to wait until they come close to us."

The farmer agreed that the suggestion was useful. He and his friend drove the barge against the bank and all four leaped ashore.

It was the opposite bank to that on which the bargemen were approaching. Beyond it the country was apparently deserted—a waste of scrub and swamp. The Sun was beginning to go down, and its red beams lit up a building some points to the south-east, rather more than half a mile distant.

"Is that the joss-house, Lo Fing?" asked Michael.

"It is, honourable sir."

"We are nearer than I thought, and I am glad of it."

They set off at a good pace at an acute angle with the ditch, so as to intersect the path by which Lo Fing and Michael had approached the joss-house on the previous night.

For a quarter-mile or more they saw no sign of pursuit. Then, however, Ah Sung pointed toward the joss-house. Five men had come out of the building, or from some cover in its vicinity, well into the open, and were running in the direction of the fugitives.

Michael had not expected danger

from that quarter. It was now to be a race between the two parties. Michael's was the nearer to the track across the swamp, but only by perhaps two hundred yards. On the other hand, if Lo Fing was right the pursuers had no knowledge of the secret track, and so were not likely to take the shortest course to reach it. Further, they carried rifles (all but one of them), whereas the four fugitives were unarmed, so that the advantage in point of speed lay with them.

But it seemed to Michael a doubtful advantage when he heard the report of rifles from his left hand. He was surprised not to hear the ping-ping of the bullets, but guessed that the pursuers, flurried with running, had fired rather wildly.

"We had better string out," he said, "so as to give them as difficult a target as possible. But I don't think they'll waste any more shot."

Running at their utmost speed, the four fugitives gained the shelter of the scrub that extended for half a mile or more round the outer edge of the swamp. As they entered the wilderness of shrubs Michael glanced back. One of the pursuers, the man without a rifle, was within a hundred yards of him; the others were nearly the same distance in the rear of their leader.

Lo Fing was now at the head of the little party of four. His guidance was unerring. Here and there, where the path wound, he would save yards by cutting straight through the scrub, a baffling movement to men without any knowledge of the country.

Puffing and panting, they came at last to the track across the swamp. By this time through Lo Fing's manoeuvres they had gained somewhat on their pursuers; but as they followed the winding track, sometimes through dense beds of rushes, at others in the open, they became aware that the enemy were still hanging on and had lost no more ground.

At last they reached the chain. In all haste they hauled it clear of the mud and fastened it to the tree. Only Lo Fing and Michael himself had had experience of this means of crossing the swamp, but as they ran Lo Fing had managed to give some hints to his fellow-countrymen as to what they were to do.

But Michael insisted on Lo Fing's going first. With the ease of former practice he launched himself on the chain, followed by his friend and by Ah Sung at a distance of three or four yards each. By the time that Michael himself had started the foremost pursuer, still the unarmed man, was barely a hundred yards away; and Michael, at the last minute glancing over his shoulder, recognised him as the Russian, Mirski.

Would he attempt to follow? The question was in Michael's mind as the chain sagged under the unaccustomed weight of four. He had some difficulty in keeping his legs clear of the mud. Would the addition of a fifth man put too great a strain upon the chain or its support and endanger the safety of them all?

He soon learned that Mirski was not, after all, without arms, though he carried no rifle. As soon as he reached the edge of the swamp the Russian began to fire his revolver at the men clinging to the chain. Michael at the moment was no more than twelve yards distant, and gave a sure target in ordinary circumstances. But Mirski was not in a state to avail himself of his opportunity. He was trembling with a two-mile scurry across difficult country; his hand shook, and though he fired off all the cartridges that remained in his automatic a slight flesh wound in Michael's left leg was all the damage he was able to inflict.

Before he could recharge his revolver Michael had gained the far side and disappeared after his companions among the rushes. And only the last red glow of the sunset remained in the western sky.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Best Roman Emperor

THE Roman emperor whom the Romans said was the best emperor they had ever had was not a Roman, except in the sense that free citizens of every part of the Empire claimed to be Roman. His birthplace was near Seville, in Spain, and he was the son of a veteran Spanish soldier who served in the Roman legions.

The father rose by long and faithful service to a position of influence of which he was proud, and he trained his son carefully to be a soldier. After he had distinguished himself, and had been adopted by the Emperor Nerva as his son, the Spaniard was unanimously chosen as emperor by the Senate.

Rome never regretted that choice. We may not think this Spanish general made the best of emperors, but the Romans thought so, and for centuries praised him highly. They had great need of such a man, for Rome had become weak at its heart. The Empire was too big to be governed well from a single city. Its armies in Spain, in France, in Britain, on the Rhine, on the Danube, in North Africa, and in Asia Minor were the real masters, and not the Senate.

Its wide frontiers were surrounded by many enemies, and it needed an emperor of commanding power, of whom all parts of the Empire would be proud, and to whom they would give willing obedience. Such a man was this Spanish soldier. During his lifetime his admiring subjects in Rome built a great marble column there, in A.D. 114, in memory of his victories. At its top was a statue of the emperor, holding aloft a gilt globe.

That column stands there still, with a statue to St. Peter where the emperor's statue stood. The Romans later built another column near by, to the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius, which still stands, with a statue to St. Paul in place of Aurelius. Many people would now say that Aurelius was the best of the emperors, because he wrote a wise book besides ruling well. But we also have some letters written by the emperor honoured by the first column that show he, too, was a wise man.

He gained his fame first by defending the Empire on the Rhine frontier; then by defeating the Dacians on the Danube, and making what is now called Rumania into a Roman province.

He died from an illness contracted in Asia while fighting against the Parthians. His name

is not perhaps so well known to us as the names of Caesar or Mark Antony or Marcus Aurelius. But it ought to be known, for he was a very notable emperor. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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July 16, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

11



The Far-off Hills Are Dotted White With Sheep



THE BRAN TUB

Word-Changing

I AM an ambassador; transposed,
I am a young bird; curtailed,
I am still a bird

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Great Grey Shrike

The Great Grey Shrike, whose home is in Western and Central Europe, visits England and Scotland in considerable numbers. It arrives near the end of the year, and with the coming of spring moves eastward to the coast, from which it takes its departure in March and April. Various species of the shrike are found all over the world, except in South America.

Seven Japanese Proverbs

A FALLEN blossom does not return to the twig.

Too much courtesy is discourtesy.
Pinch yourself and know how others feel.

A firebrand is easily kindled.
The frog in the well knows nothing of the high seas.

He who breaks through a thicket disturbs the snakes.

Sufficient dust will make a mountain.

Ici On Parle Français

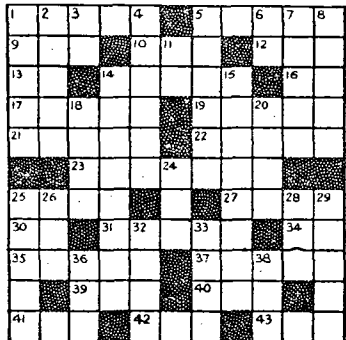


Le crabe La grue Le coussin

Le crabe a des pinces puissantes.
La grue se nourrit de grenouilles.
Apportez-moi beaucoup de coussins.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 47 words hidden in this cross word puzzle. The clues are given below, and the answers will appear next week.

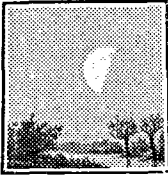


Reading Across. 1. A vital organ. 5. An inducement. 9. Decline. 10. Eggs. 12. High artist's honour (abbrev.). 13. To perform. 14. Tokens. 16. In the same manner. 17. A knot. 19. Speedily. 21. The eagle's nest. 22. Nominated. 23. Not prepared. 25. Lethargy. 27. Little-used English measures. 30. Automobile Association (abbrev.). 31. Surly. 34. Errors excepted (abbrev.). 35. To wander. 37. A boring instrument. 39. An age. 40. Crafty. 41. Child's name for father. 42. A large number. 43. A spring month.

Reading Down. 1. Fence formed by bushes. 2. Black-coloured wood. 3. A seaman (abbrev.). 4. A worker. 5. Popular fruit. 6. Indian Army (abbrev.). 7. A pair. 8. Freed from concern. 11. Vicar-General (abbrev.). 14. Capital of Kashmir. 15. As much as a spade will hold. 18. A lily. 20. A supposed radical said to exist in many chemical compounds. 24. An Australian bird. 25. Enclosed. 26. A cereal. 28. A shelter from the wind. 29. To crowd. 32. Gold coin formerly used in Britain. 33. Rapid. 36. Ruddy. 38. Gymnasium (abbrev.).

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE songs of the blackbird, titlark, willow warbler, song thrush, whitethroat, and sedge warbler cease. The second broods of wrens are fledged. The reed bunting lays a second time. The burnished brass, dark arches, barred lackey, garden tiger, goat, and humming-bird hawk moths appear. The chalkhill blue butterfly is seen. The musk and burying beetles appear. Among plants now coming into flower are eyebright, hemp nettle, bur reed, tutsan, blue funkia, great reed mace, corn feverfew, fool's parsley, hemp agrimony, arrowhead, burdock, and great yellow loosestrife.



Looking South 8.0 a.m., July 21

Beheaded Word

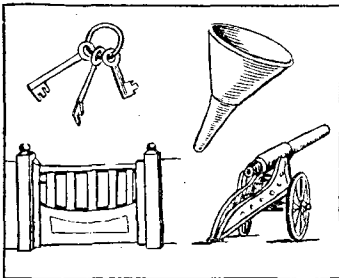
COME, guess me in a trice;
I'm worth any price;
Behead, I'm eaten as rice;
Behead, I'm slippery as ice;
Come, tell me my value.
You'll not be long, shall you?

Answer next week

How the Martinet Got His Name

A MARTINET is one who is very strict about discipline and etiquette, particularly an officer in the Army or Navy. The word has come from the name of a French general in charge of the infantry in Louis XIV's army. Curiously enough, there is no similar use of the word or name in the French language.

A Picture Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown here take two consecutive letters from each word, and these pairs of letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of a great poet.

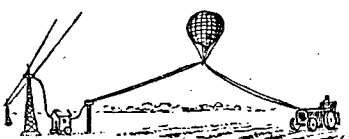
Answer next week

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

Making the Writer Sit Up. Many people when reading or writing are apt to lean too far forward, which in time causes contracted chests. This simple, adjustable apparatus, which may be clamped to the edge of a table or desk, has at the end of a long bar a pad which presses against the chest and keeps the writer in an upright position.

Farming by Balloon and Electricity. Here is a new method of conveying power for agricultural purposes in places where cheap hydro-electric power is available. A small portable sub-station transforms the current which is sent over high-tension cables from the main power-station. From the sub-station another



cable is carried to a movable post; from the revolving top of which yet another cable is taken to the tractor being held up out of the way by a balloon. Thus the electric tractor drawing a plough or other implement is free to operate over a very wide area.

Jacko Has a Rough Time

ONE morning Jacko ran down the street at such a rate that he nearly knocked somebody over.

Fortunately it was his friend Chimp, who didn't mind a bit. All he said was "You *do* seem in a hurry! What are you after?"

"Flour," said Jacko. "My mater's making a pudding."

"So's mine!" cried Chimp. "I'm after raisins!"

And they ran into the shop together.

Chimp got his raisins all right, but Jacko wasn't so lucky over the flour. The grocer was right out of it, and said he wouldn't be having any in till the afternoon.



Jacko seized a big sack of flour and tipped it out

"That's too late," said Jacko gloomily. "I shall have to go along to the mill."

"Good idea! I'll come too!" cried Chimp, stuffing the raisins in his pocket.

Unfortunately the miller was a rather bad-tempered man, and he didn't give Jacko and Chimp a very warm welcome.

"I've no time to attend to you now," he said. "Can't you see I'm busy loading up my cart?"

"Come on, Chimp!" whispered Jacko. "We had better help ourselves." And the moment the miller's back was turned they darted inside and up some steps into a loft.

There was plenty of flour there. Jacko seized a little bag which he could easily carry.

"We'll throw the money down to the miller and then run for it," he told Chimp.

They tiptoed to a funny sort of window in the side of the loft and looked out. Sure enough, the miller was busy with his cart just below, and Jacko was just going to throw out the money when another thought struck him.

"Let's give him something else too!" he whispered to Chimp, and he seized a big sack of flour and tipped it out of the window!

There was an angry roar from below, and before Jacko and Chimp could get away heavy footsteps came up the ladder. It was much too far to jump out of the window, and they would have been nicely caught if Jacko hadn't had a brilliant idea. He jumped into an empty sack, pulling Chimp after him, and the two lay there, not daring to move.

The miller stamped about all over the loft. But as he was rather short-sighted he didn't notice anything strange about the sack. He was covered with flour from head to foot, and naturally was in a furious temper. "It's those boys; I know it is!" he kept repeating. "I'll break every bone in their bodies!"

He nearly did without knowing it; for when he had given up looking for Jacko and Chimp he began bumping some of the sacks down the ladder. Unfortunately one of the sacks was the one with Jacko and Chimp inside.

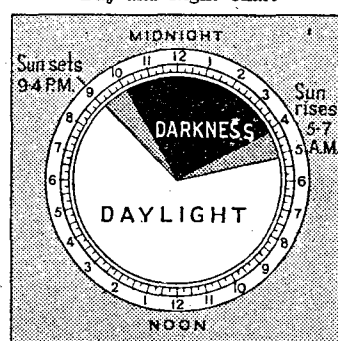
They were black and blue by the time the miller had finished with them, but were able to creep away without being seen.

Who Was He?

You'll find me in level but not in steep,
You'll find me in lending and also in keep,
You'll find me in moisture but not in wet,
You'll find me in fishing and also in net,
You'll find me in apple but not in core,
You'll find me in drilling and also in bore,
You'll find me in purchased but not in bought,
You'll find me in nothing and also in nought.
My whole was an artist excelled by few,
Sculptor, architect, and engineer too.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight now grows shorter each day.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Of Course

JACK (preparing his Latin lesson): I say, what's *necessitas*, masculine or feminine?

His Elder Sister: Why, feminine, of course, stupid! Don't you know she was the mother of invention?

Real Delicacy

NOW then, young gentlemen, what are you doing in these grounds? Didn't you see that notice board by the gate?

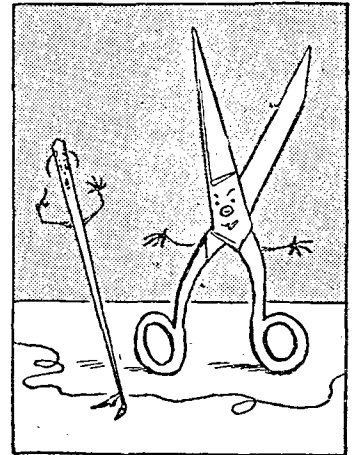
Yes.
Well, then, can't you read?
Yes; but we never look at anything marked *Private*.

WHY did the sack race? To give the box room.

A Flowering Bird

A LITTLE boy who lived in a city was enjoying his first holiday in the country. He was staying at a farmhouse, and one morning he saw a peacock in the farmer's garden. Running excitedly to his mother he exclaimed, "Mother, one of the chickens is in bloom!"

Come-Alive Characters



A Short Cut

THE Needle wore a hair of thread That trailed upon the ground. The Scissors thought "She'd like to look In fashion, I'll be bound."

He gave a snip that did the deed. The startled Needle sobbed "My hair! my hair!" The Scissors smiled "Don't worry—now you're bobbed!"

The Tub-Orator to the Peasant
You have a horse; you give it to the village?

Yes.
You have a cow; you give it?
Right.
You have a plough; you give it?
I will.
You have a pig; you give it?
Not I.
How is that, man?
I'll tell you. I haven't got a horse. I haven't got a cow. I haven't got a plough. But I have got a pig.

WHAT is the difference between a sharp knife and a blunt one?
One cuts thoroughly; the other cuts tho' roughly.

An Enigma

ON the bridal day
People think of me;
Ere men come to pray
Well heard I must be;
My end you shall never see,
Emblem of eternity.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Circle Puzzle

This diagram shows how the eight parts of a circle can be arranged to form two ovals.

A Word Square

O A T S
A B U T
T U B E
S T E M

Changeling

Milk, silk, sink, pink, pint.

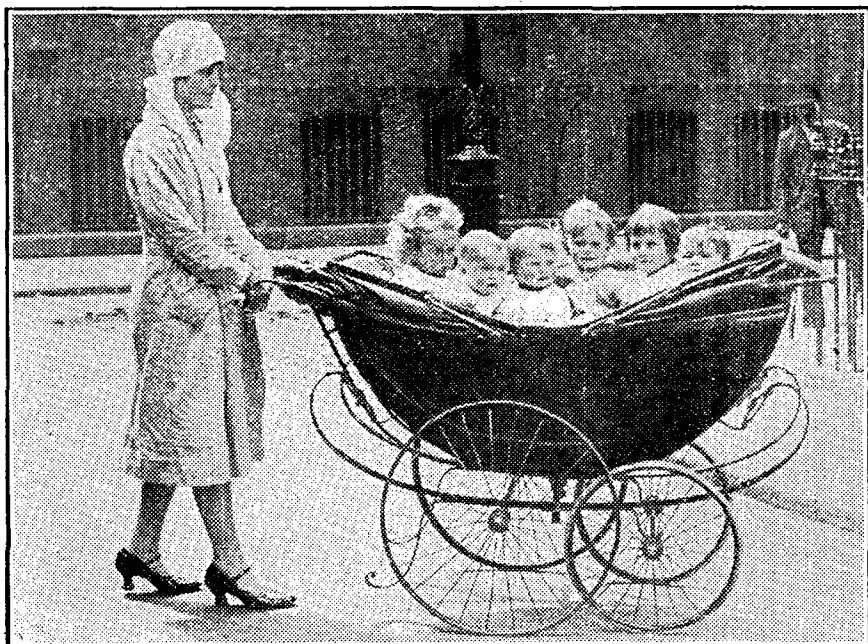
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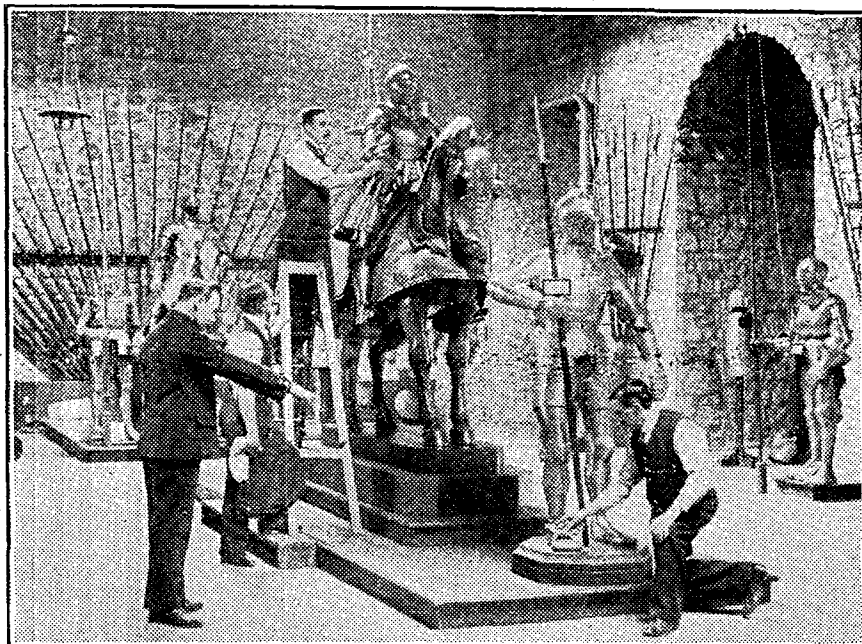
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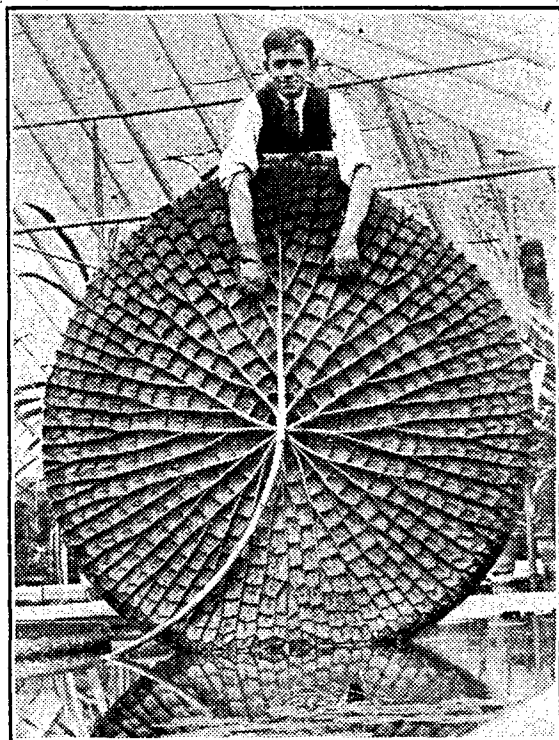
THE BIG PERAMBULATOR • CLEANING THE ARMOUR • A WHALING MEMORIAL



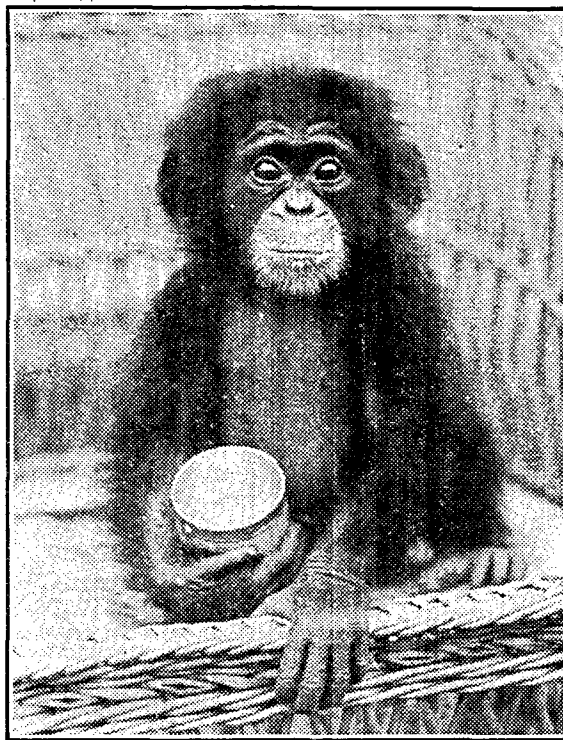
Out in the Big Perambulator—When the babies at the Chelsea Day Nursery, London, go out they are taken through the streets by a nurse in this big but comfortable perambulator



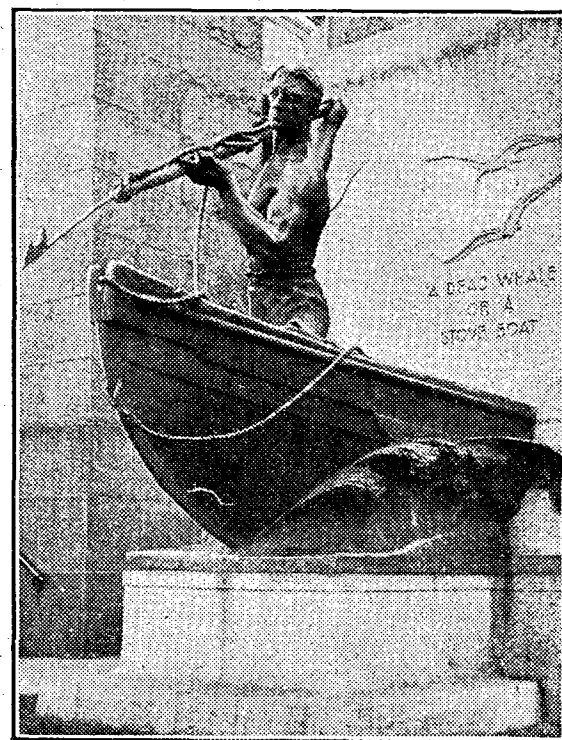
A Clean-Up in the Tower Armoury—The sale of pieces of armour at the Tower of London has led to increased interest in the armoury, and here we see the knights having a clean-up



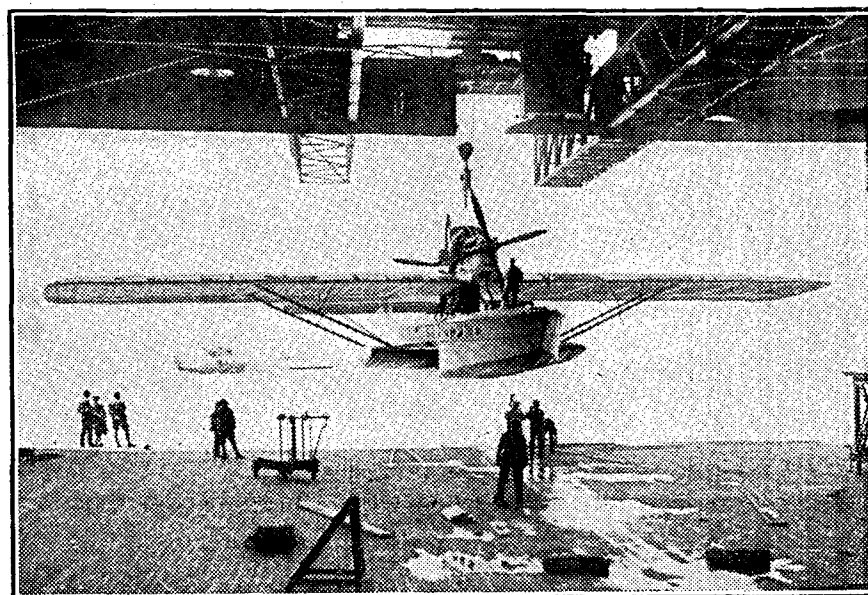
London's Biggest Leaf—This is the underside of one of the big leaves of the Victoria Regia lily in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Regent's Park. It is a native of Guiana and Brazil



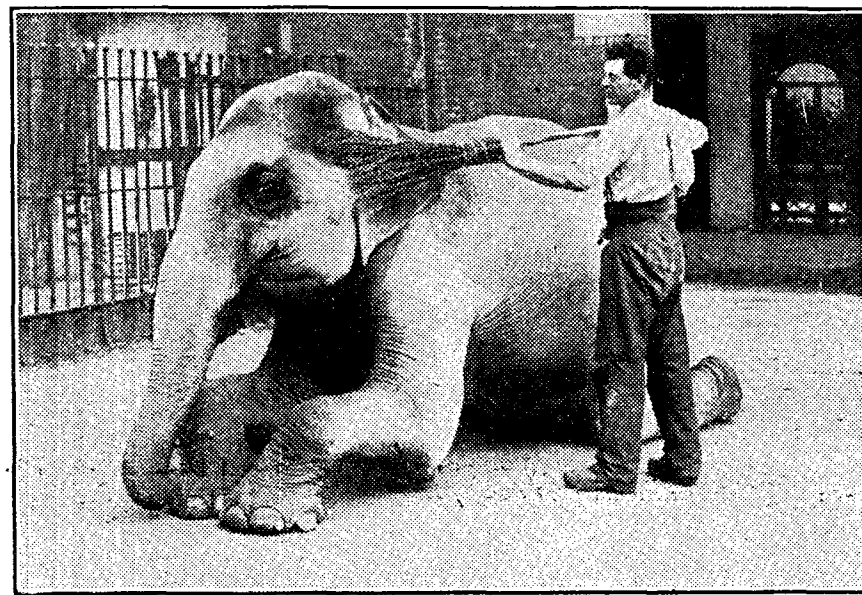
He Wants More—This little chimpanzee brought from the Belgian Congo is quite interested in his new surroundings, and at meal times, like Oliver Twist, often asks for more



The Whaler's Monument—This memorial to a famous industry is known as The Whaler's Monument, and stands at New Bedford, Massachusetts. It shows the harpooner about to throw



Bringing in the Seaplane—One of the new German flying-boats to carry sixty passengers, which has been undergoing tests at Friedrichshafen, is here seen being hauled in to its hangar



The Elephant's Toilet—Minnie, the new elephant at the London Zoo, has quickly settled down in her London home, and here we see her having a wash and brush-up after the day's work

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